BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. BY WALTER H. PAGE.

Everybody's Magazine

April

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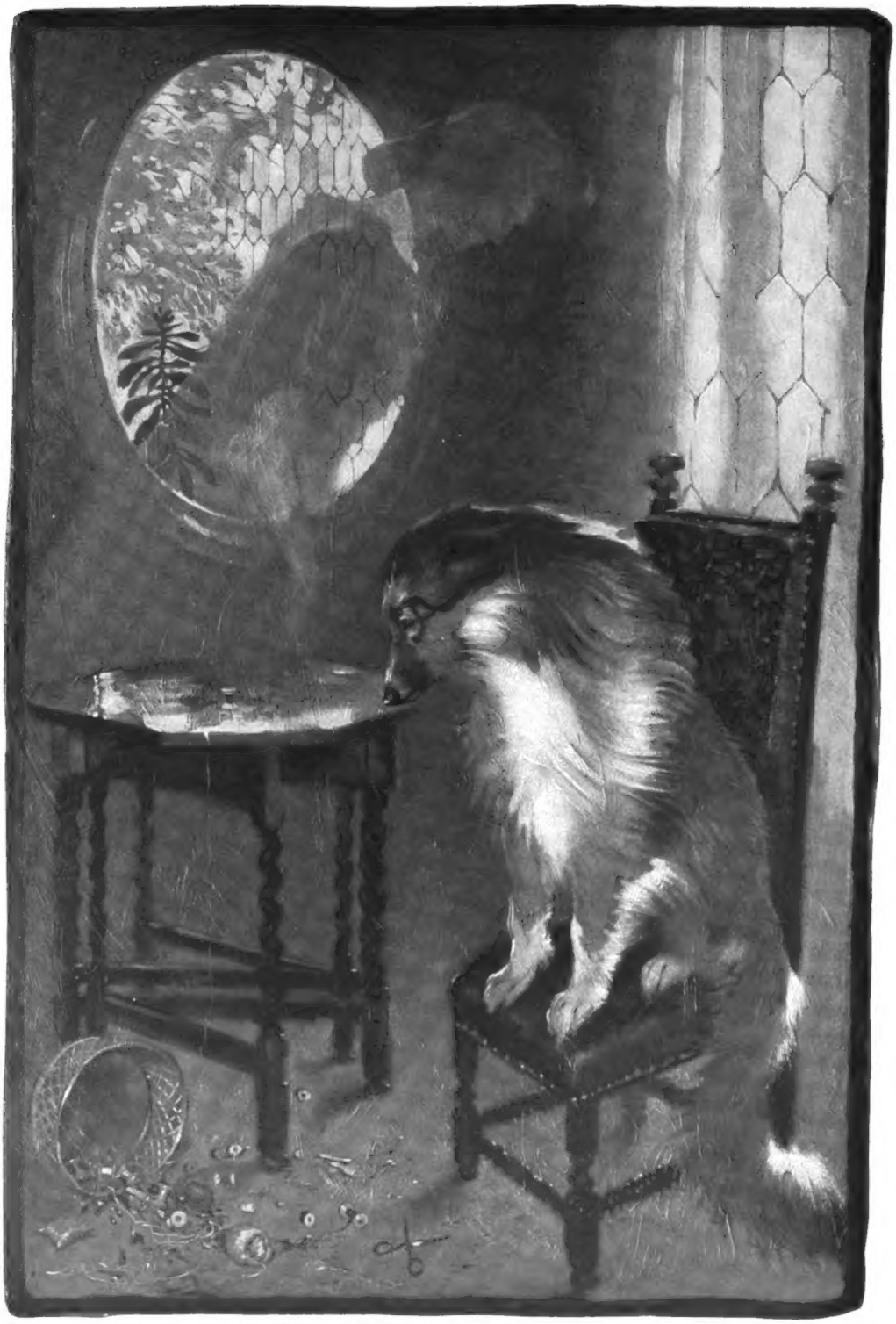

"'SHE IS NOT THERE, DANNY.'"

Illustrating "Danny."

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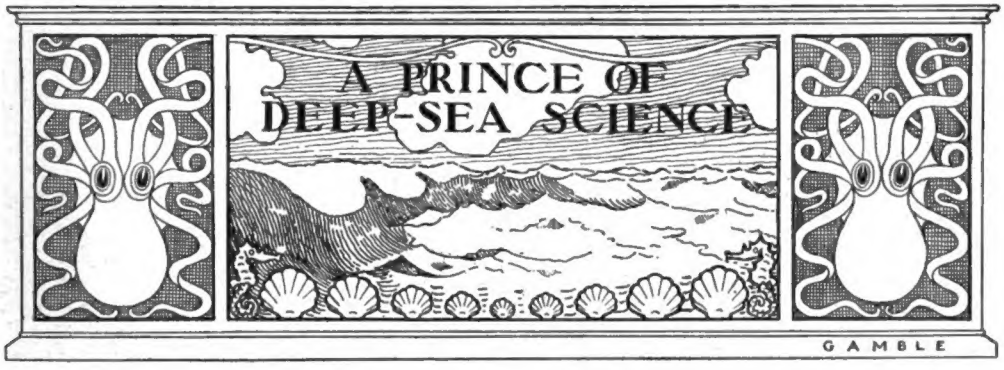
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. VI. APRIL, 1902. No. 4.



The Prince of Monaco and his Extraordinary Work in Deep-sea Exploration.—A Superb Museum of Oceanography.—Mapping Ocean Currents.—Studying the Inhabitants of the Deep Sea.

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY CHARLES EDWARD HOOPER.

IN Europe there rules a sovereign prince who is as absolute as the Czar of Russia, and this prince chooses to be a servant of science. His ambition is to be a good servant, and he toils for his master faithfully. His riches and his palace and his kingdom enable him the better to serve, and it is just that that he cares most about. This royal yet humble scientist is His Very Serene Highness, Albert I., Prince of Monaco. But for all that, notwithstanding, the central idea of his life and his life's work is the bottom of the sea. Here he certainly has as clear an hereditary right as to his principality on the Mediterranean rock, for his forefathers of the old and terrible family of the Grimaldi have ever been princes of the sea, whether as doges of Genoa who warred against the galleys of Pisa and Venice, as well as against the Ghibellines, or as petty rulers holding intact a remnant of their sway on the Azore Coast. But it has remained for the last of the proud line to acknowledge himself, not the monarch, but a devout subject of the Mystery of the Waters.

A ROCK-BOUND CASTLE FOR THE ONLY COLLECTION OF ITS KIND IN EXISTENCE.

As picturesque as any of the foreign buildings at the Paris Exposition was that of Monaco 'mid its palms from the Riviera. It was really the prince's building, for the prince *is* Monaco. At first visitors were rather surprised, then agreeably entertained, to find in this private exhibition of royalty, not the pomp and display of an ancient Italian arrogance, but the curious treasures of a hard working and enthusi-

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ALBERT I., PRINCE OF MONACO, AND SCIENTIST.

astic man of science. There were anomalies in fishes and shells and sponges which had been arduously gathered from the great depths of the ocean; but yet the most bizarre anomaly was that all this should be the work of a rich, reigning prince.

An exposition, though, is but a passing show, and the Monaco pavilion, with its little world of animal life from below the waves, could not be an enduring monument to the fifteen years of labor expended by their collector; so the mounted specimens are now packed in boxes, back in Monaco, awaiting a home in what will be a grander monument, and one as enduring as the palace-fortress on the rock. This is the prince's museum, which is now nearing completion. Already it is the most imposing structure that holds the eye as one cruises along the Riviera from Marseilles to Genoa. More than that, it will mean the crystallization of the prince's wanderings over the sea into a something tangible and magnificent. Here the secrets of the ocean are to be exhibited, catalogued, and explained, the public property of the world of science for all time.

The laying of the corner-stone of this museum of oceanography, which, by the way, is the only one of its kind, was an event of considerable note. The Emperor of Germany held the trowel, and students everywhere heralded such a departure into a specialized and little explored field of science. Since that date, April, 1899, work has been pushed with an energy almost American. As quickly as an apartment is finished, it is immediately occupied; so the very practical prince is already making use of his museum, though the roof is not on yet. The original idea was to have a home for his own collections, which he had gathered during his several yachting cruises; but soon the idea grew into something more royal, and he resolved to have a splendid museum, dedicated to oceanography generally, wherein all that pertained to the subject should find place, whether brought there by himself or by others. More than that, he planned to make it an institution

1. MEROCRYPTUS BOLETIFER.

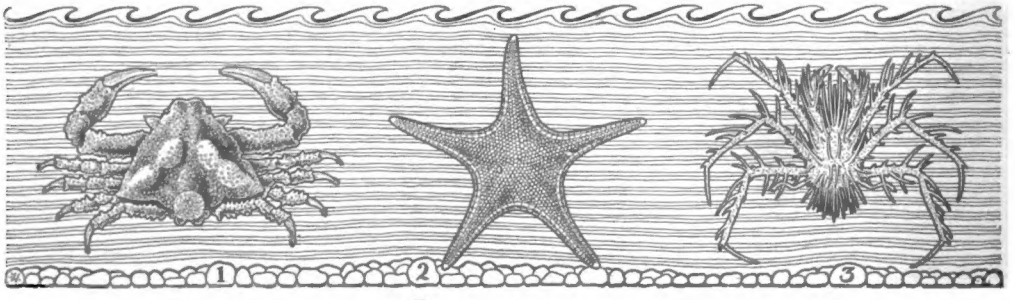
A new species characterized by a pimply growth in the form of mushrooms.

2. MEDIASTER STELLATUS PERRIER.

A new species of star-fish found off Newfoundland, at a depth of 1,200 yards.

3. NEOLITHIDES GRIMALDII.

A new species raised from the mud off Newfoundland, about four-fifths of a mile deep. While living it is bright red, with sharp thorns, and is blind.



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THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO, SHOWING WHERE, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF ROCK FACING THE OPEN SEA, THE NEW MUSEUM IS BEING BUILT.

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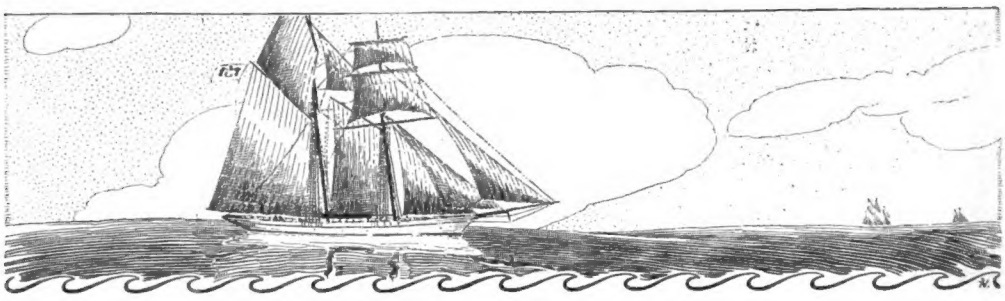


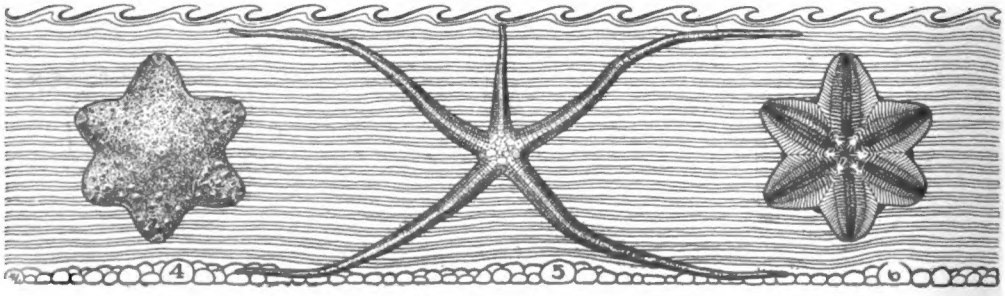
THE *SWALLOW*, IN WHICH THE PRINCE MADE HIS FIRST EXCURSIONS.

of study and research, where his fellow-scientists might have every facility and comfort for prosecuting their labors. In a word, he will found the home of a science.

At first the prince was at a loss to know where on his rock might be found space for so large an edifice. The flower-gardens blossomed over every vacant place, and he could not bear to think of a scythe among them. Finally, he decided to sacrifice some ancient buildings, including a portion of the old prison ruins which crested the promontory on the seaward side. There, he announced, would he build the museum. Only a millionaire would promise so bold a thing, for here the cliff is rugged and steep, and rises sheer out of churning water fathoms deep. But on the rocks and into the cliff the great façade had to be built, nevertheless, and there it is now, white and grand, its massive columns beaten by the waves, its cornice towering well over 250 feet above the roaring of the sea. But the Prince of Monaco saved his geraniums.

Now that the heroic work of setting the foundations has been achieved, and the colossal thick walls are as firm as the rock itself, one sees that the unusual location may be turned to good account. There are two basements backing up against the declivity of the cliff and opening over the sea, and here the tremendous, heavy aquariums for the larger living specimens will have a safe flooring. Here, also, the ocean itself is ever available, and when a naturalist working in one of the laboratories needs a tank of salt water, he has merely to turn a faucet. The building itself is some 325 feet long, and sixty-five feet wide, and that means an enormous structure, if you stop to make comparisons. From the celebrated quarries of La Turbie near by comes the stone, which is putty-white and much harder than marble. Many of the pieces require days in the cutting. The great entrance faces one of the little odd streets of Monaco. The ground floor is to be devoted mostly to *salons*, either for formal receptions or for scientific conferences and congresses. The main floor above will be the most spacious and elaborate, as well as the most important, for here is to be the museum itself. The ceiling will be over thirty-five feet high, and from the windows one gazes straight down two hundred feet to the dashing waters below; and away, as far as the eye can

4 AND 6 SHOW THE TWO SIDES OF A NEW GENUS OF STAR-FISH, THE HEXASTER OBSCURUS PERRIER, FOUND OFF NEWFOUNDLAND AT A DEPTH OF TWO HUNDRED YARDS. 5. PROGNOSTOR GRIMALDII, A NEW SPECIES, FROM THREE THOUSAND YARDS' DEPTH OFF AZORES.



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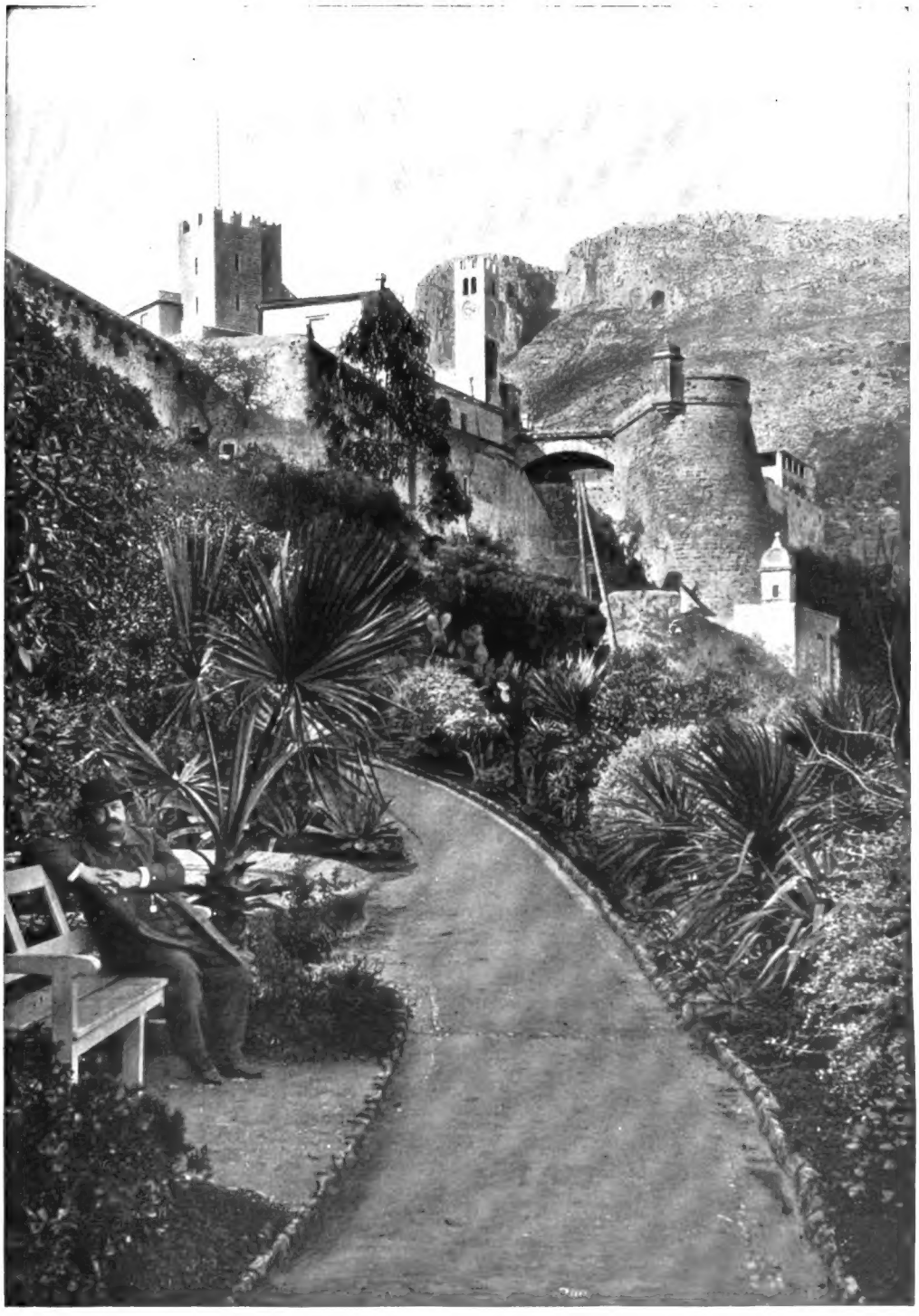

THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE OF MONACO.

A spot cherished by the Prince.

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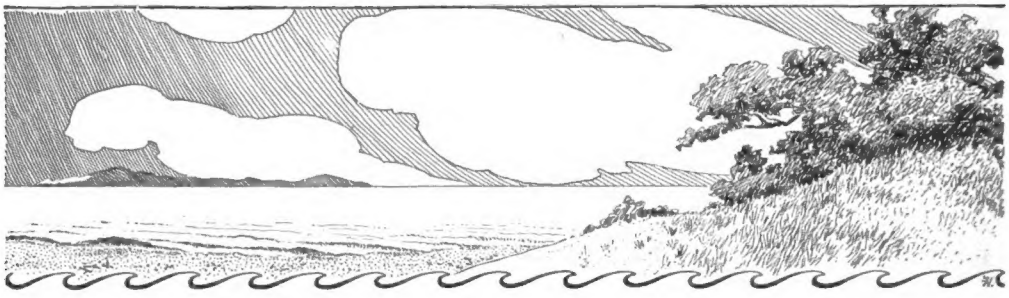


reach over the blue expanse of the Mediterranean. Just at present the prince's individual collections are scattered among his *confrères*, so that it is difficult to estimate their value ; but as soon as the museum is ready, they will be called in and installed. Every group of marine life will be abundantly represented, from whales and seals to the microscopic parasite; from the animals of the surface to those that crawl sluggishly in caverns at the ocean's bottom. There will even be specimens that were recovered, like Jonah, from the stomach of a great fish ; and a prominent place will be given to the fauna of the deeper waters, while others will have come from the far north, in the neighborhood of the Pole.

AN INTERESTING METHOD OF CLASSIFYING THE COLLECTIONS.

These, with the extensive garnerings from the Mediterranean and Southern Atlantic, offer precious opportunities for comparative studies. Both the fauna and flora are to be classified and exhibited in their zoölogical or botanical order, and also there will be groupings according to depth, thus presenting at a glance the creatures that are neighbors to each other under the sea. On the lowest floors will be the heavy aquariums, and the larger specimens, such as cetaceans, with the ingenious apparatus by which they are captured. This last collection, it may be predicted, will be the most astounding fisherman's outfit in the world.

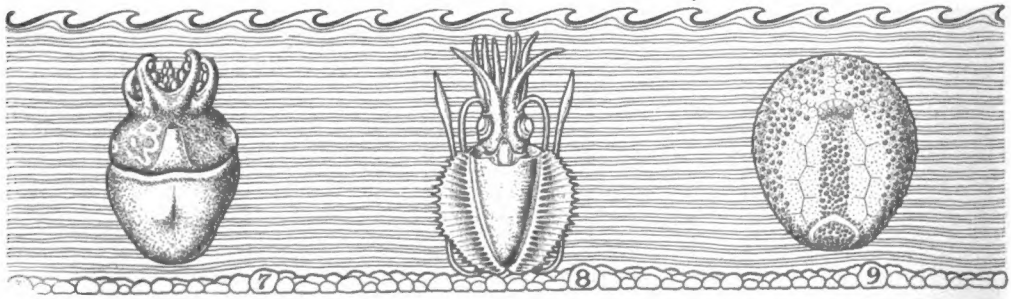
A MONUMENT IN PRINT AND A MONUMENT IN STONE.

The catalogue of the museum will be almost an oceanographical encyclopædia. With text and references, and elaborate illustrations in black and white and color, it will cover genus and species and specimen. Part of this magnificent publication has already appeared, being issued in sections under the prince's direction, from the principality printing-house. A section is brought out as quickly as one of the collaborators finishes his manuscript on the particular subject assigned him. This splendid and costly catalogue will be as great a monument in print to the prince's labors as the museum is in stone. The

7. AN OCTOPUS, ALBERTI JOUBIN.
Taken in the Gulf of Gascony from the stomach of a large fish.

8. AN OCTOPUS, CENOPTERIX CYPRINOIDES JOUBIN.
Found with several others in a dolphin's stomach. The swimming membranes have a rib-like structure.

9. PALOEOTROPUS HIRONDELLEI KOEHLER.
A new species of sea-urchin, known only to the Philippines and the Azores.



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museum is to be much more than an exhibition. The lower floors are to be entirely devoted to research. Here will be collections, selected and arranged especially for study; adjoining are laboratories fitted up for the preparation and analysis of specimens, while in addition there will be rooms equipped with charts and documents, and a large scientific library.

How the material has been gathered with which to stock this vast museum is a record that drifts unconsciously into a fascinating story of adventure. High on the formidable rock the museum is as a pirate's retreat, and each year the prince roves the sea for more treasure, for he has not yet enough to fill his great booty storehouse. And just here one thing should be made quite clear. Though the ruler of Monaco does all these things, he must not be set down for a mere idling dabbler in science, nor again must one imagine that his regular business of reigning is thereby neglected. The average monarch who tries to branch out and rise above his lot may be likened to the son of a great man; he finds it difficult to get himself taken seriously. Perhaps he does not deserve to be; but the royal naturalist of Monaco is an exception. Science the most democratic cannot sneer at what he has accomplished. He is a Childe Roland who seeks his own Dark Tower as any other earnest and good knight.

THE CASINO AT MONTE CARLO EXPLAINS MONACO'S FREEDOM FROM TAXATION.

Quite naturally there is a glamour of magnificence about a prince—a prince threefold, in blood and power and wealth—who spends millions of francs on little fishes; who explores the globe in his yacht, with a corps of savants as working guests; who builds a palace more splendid than the castle of his forefathers, just for these same little fishes; and who does these things without the cost of a single pang of misery wrung from his people. But, after all, the handsomest compliment for His Very Serene Highness is this: that we can honestly and seriously take him out of the princely cate-

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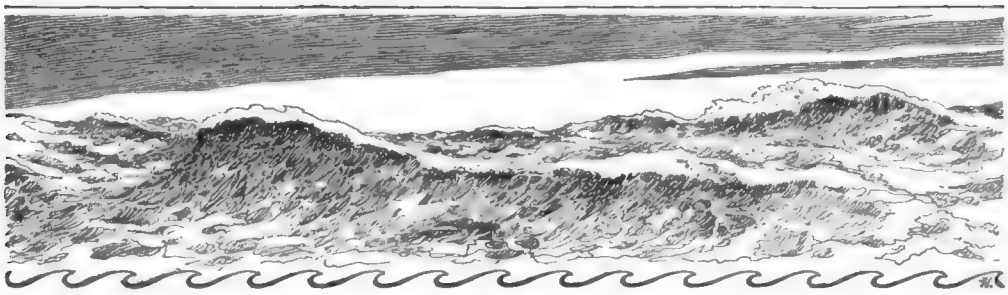


gory and consider him as a scientist. He is almost as big a man as Agassiz. So, having established this footing, we can conscientiously go along with him in search of the little fishes.

SAILING THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF SPECIMENS.

The Prince of Monaco has had in all three yachts for his excursions. The first was the *Hirondelle*, a neat little two-hundred-ton schooner, manned by fifteen Breton fishermen. She had a *salon* originally, but this was converted into a laboratory. Being a sailing vessel, and having no engine, all the soundings had to be done by hand, which caused heavy loss in time and labor. Yet with his diminutive craft the prince made four encouraging trips between the years 1885 and 1888. He began with surface fishing and studying ocean currents, but later attempted deep-sea trapping off the Azores. He even sailed as far as Newfoundland, and all but perished there in a cyclone. His description of the storm is at once a concise scientific exposition and a dramatic picture of an adventure at sea. As a last resort oil was thrown upon the mountainous waves, and then, so he reports, instead of utterly swamping her, they broke in foam over the tossing boat. Shortly afterwards the first *Princesse-Alice* was launched. She was a six-hundred-ton steam yacht, with an auxiliary engine of 350 horse-power. Both the vessel and all her equipments had been specially designed for the deep-sea researches begun on the *Hirondelle*. She served from 1892 till 1897, and during that time specimens were brought up from a depth of 18,250 feet. At first trips were made in the western Mediterranean, along the coasts of Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Morocco, and in the Straits of Gibraltar, with the result that these waters are now more intimately known, especially as to depth, composition, temperature, and fauna. Later, the prince fell back upon his favorite fishing-grounds, the Azores, which are rich in a host of species, both of salt and fresh water. Off one of the islands he discovered the Princesse-Alice banks. This is a region fifty miles in circumference, fairly teeming with fish, for which discovery the Azores fishermen are most grateful. In one summer, during a season of thirty-nine days, their

10. A FEMALE PARASITE, A CRUSTACEAN, OF THE COPEPODES.

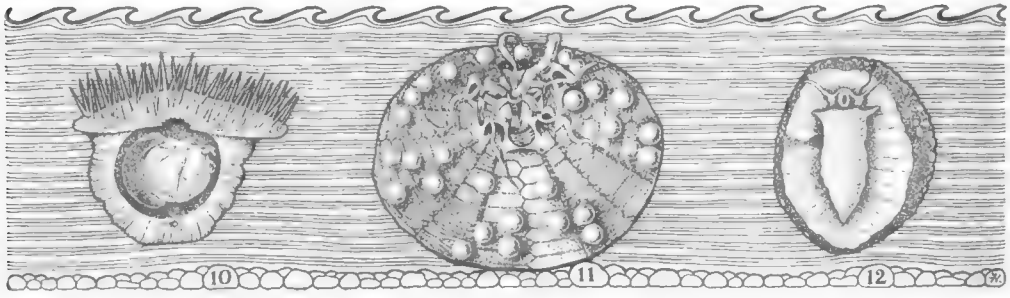
Lodged in a sea-urchin, by reason of the orifice, surrounded by prickles, being now too small for the grown adult to escape.

11. PHORMORONA URANUS.

A new species of sea-urchin, remarkable for its new parasite, whose coverings are seen attached to the surface of the specimen.

12. MARSENIA CEPTOLEMNIA.

A mollusk gathered by the Prince, which has greatly advanced knowledge of the Azores fauna.



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PANORAMA OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.
Showing the rock, with the palace, ramparts, and gardens.

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catch on these banks amounted to 48,400 pounds. The third boat, the one at present in use, is a steel, two-masted, schooner-rigged, 1,420-ton steam yacht, which has been christened *Princesse-Alice II.* She is a craft built for downright scientific business. With triple-expansion, one thousand horse-power engine she can make thirteen knots, and is equipped with steam windlasses and spools operated by electricity. One of the spools has a cable 13,200 yards long, made of seventy-two galvanized steel wires. A deck laboratory contains an operating table for the dissection and preparation of specimens. Below decks a second and more commodious laboratory connects with a photographic studio and four cabins for the scientists.

The *Princesse-Alice II.* made her *début* in 1898, in the Polar seas of Spitzbergen, far to the north of Norway. The object was to explore the depths which separate the North Atlantic from those signalled by Nansen in the Polar basin, and to determine the influence of the Gulf Stream on the Spitzbergen fjords. As to the latter, the prince reported that the stream ceased to have any effect soon after spreading to the south and west of Spitzbergen, where it encounters an almost perennial ice. He explored the west side of the island, where few have penetrated, and brought back a treasure of Arctic and marine fauna, and a valuable store of knowledge for geographers. Next summer the *Princesse-Alice* steamed back to the Arctic seas. This time she stranded on a rock and stayed there for five days, while all on board helped to lighten her of cargo. Thus she was saved, to make, last summer, an oceanographic cruise to the Canaries and the northwest coast of Africa.

WHAT THE PRINCE HAS DONE FOR SCIENCE.

During these expeditions, each line of research is covered most thoroughly. This means a broad-minded and liberal economy, to the profit of science generally, for thus a single expedition becomes a multiform expedition, in the interest, impartially, of all the kindred physical sciences. Each general line is taken care of by one or more specialists from the first institutions of Europe. Among them should be mentioned the eminent zoölogist, Dr. Jules Richard, who for the past ten years has been more closely identified with the prince's work than any other man. In the study of ocean currents the prince is himself the specialist. Floaters are sealed up, with instructions in several languages, and cast overboard, to be picked up by obliging sea-captains and sent, with additional data, to the French government. When the location of casting overboard is compared with that of capture, and the intervening time reckoned, then the direction and swiftness of the current may be established. In 1885, 180 floaters of three types, in barrels, balls, and bottles, were thrown out off the Azores, over a track 170 miles long. In 1886 and 1887 the experiment was repeated on a larger scale, once on a line across the Gulf Stream, six hundred miles long, between Newfoundland and the Azores. Within a few months 226 floaters had been returned, and charts were drawn up from the data thus furnished. Later the prince appeared before the International Congress of Geography and the French Academy of Sciences and reported as follows : That the Gulf Stream, on leaving the Florida Straits, is compressed between the northern branch of the equatorial current that washes the Lesser Antilles and the Polar current that descends the length of the United States ; hence, that its direction is first north, then northeast, widening more and more eastward, and, later, southward, as the pressure of the equatorial current relaxes ; that the mass of water flowing towards Europe on a line with the Newfoundland banks is therefore composed of the upper branch of the equatorial current and the Gulf Stream ; that this mass, being crowded back by the Polar current and stopped by the European coast, is deflected southward; and that it is again deflected on reaching the Canaries, this time southwestward, because of the trade-winds and the contour of the African coast from Gibraltar to Cape Verde. For this reason, he believes, none of the floaters has ever been recovered beyond Cape Verde. This report, given here only in part, shows, at least, that the prince is not a dabbler, but that he brings in definite and important results. The collaboration of the French government proves that.

HOW KNOWLEDGE IS OBTAINED FROM THE DEEP.

It must be an extraordinary arrangement that can snatch a shell from its mud-bank

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three miles deep, or tear a polypus from where it clings to the rocky bottom. Think of angling with a line seven and a half miles long, and think of the kind of fish you would probably catch! The long cable pays out as fast as two hundred yards a minute, and is reeled in by the steam windlass at the rate of eighty yards a minute. When the tube at the end strikes bottom, and opens automatically, in rushes a sample of mud or sand. When the tube is lifted, a weight drops off, causing it to shut tight and keep the sample as snug as powder in a cartridge. By the same contrivance, a quart of water from the bottom may be secured without being mixed with any intervening water. To take the temperature at a certain depth calls for more ingenuity. The thermometer, properly boxed and fastened to the cable, is lowered as far as wanted and kept there long enough for the mercury to mark the temperature of the surrounding water, when a weight, like the pasteboard messenger on a kite-string, is sent down along the cable. When the weight strikes the thermometer box, it turns the thermometer upside down. The result is a choking in the tube at this point, causing the mercury column to break into two parts. Thus the temperature is registered; for the thermometer is so graduated that it can be read at once on being drawn on board. Several thermometers may be fastened at intervals along the cable, but to each must be fastened a messenger, so that when one of the weights is sent down from the vessel it not only topples over the first thermometer and stops there, but also releases the messenger already attached to this thermometer, which second messenger then slides on down to the second thermometer and repeats the operation until the last one is reached at the bottom. As though these were not enough commissions to exact of the same cable at the same time, the insatiate investigators must also have samples

THE BASE OF THE MUSEUM IS IMBEDDED IN SOLID ROCK.

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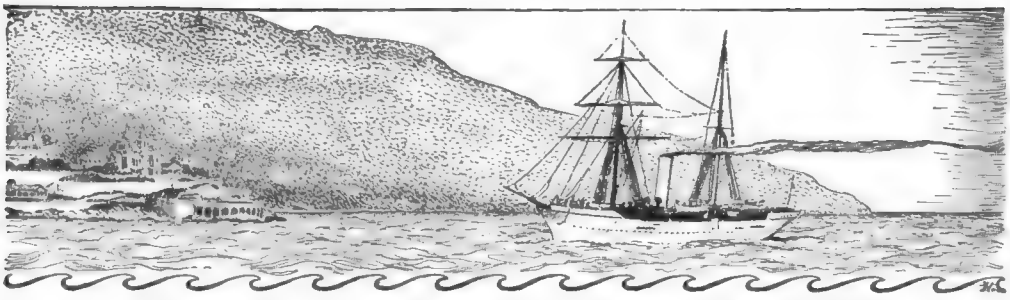


THE *PRINCESSE-ALICE II.*, BUILT EXPRESSLY FOR THE PRINCE'S SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITIONS.

of water from the intermediary depths, so as to determine its saltness and density or to make a complete chemical analysis. Accordingly, along with the thermometers, they string bottles to the cable. These bottles have two valves—one in the bottom and one in the top; and as a bottle goes down, the water rushes through it upward by means of the valves. Thus, when the cable is stopped, each bottle is filled with water from the depth where it happens to be. The thermometer messengers do the rest, closing the bottle-valves with the same shock that upsets the thermometers.

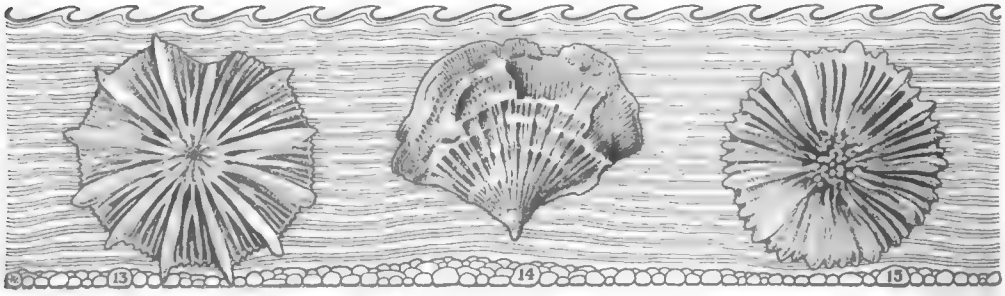
Due to the numerous soundings of these explorers, there now exists a chart of that entire submarine region around the Azores, and, in addition, charts of many parts of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Polar waters have been rectified for the first time. It is the beginning of a thorough investigation of the ocean. One of the ambitions of the prince, which, by the way, is supported by governments and scientific institutions, with bright hopes of realization, is the establishment of a system of meteorological observatories on the islands of the Atlantic, notably the Azores. To render serviceable an elaborate marine-weather bureau such as this, there would have to be cable connections with America and Europe. As to geography, it should be mentioned that the prince has explored the almost unknown Red Bay in the north of Spitzbergen, and that he discovered an Arctic harbor there. Near by he also discovered a large lake—the Lac Richard—where he noted a strange phenomenon. Often during a single night the shore of the lake is walled up with an ice-barrier higher than a man, formed by blocks of floating ice pushed there by the wind. They freeze together, and imprison rocks and everything else they may encounter. For the prince the most absorbing pursuit of all is zoölogy, and that brings us to the fascinating toil of deep-sea fishing.

A COLLECTION OF RAW MATERIAL FOR A NEW SCIENCE.

The specimens sought by the marine naturalist are at once the most difficult and the most interesting to capture. Nets and traps are devised so that no type of organism below shall escape sending up a representative. Of these contrivances, the most useful is the stirrup-net, which has been perfected by the prince until it is now the most serviceable apparatus on board. With it he has secured

13. TYPE OF THE STEPHANOTROCHUS. 14. FLABELLUM. 15. A NEW SPECIES.

Polyps found off the Azores at a depth of 2,500 yards.



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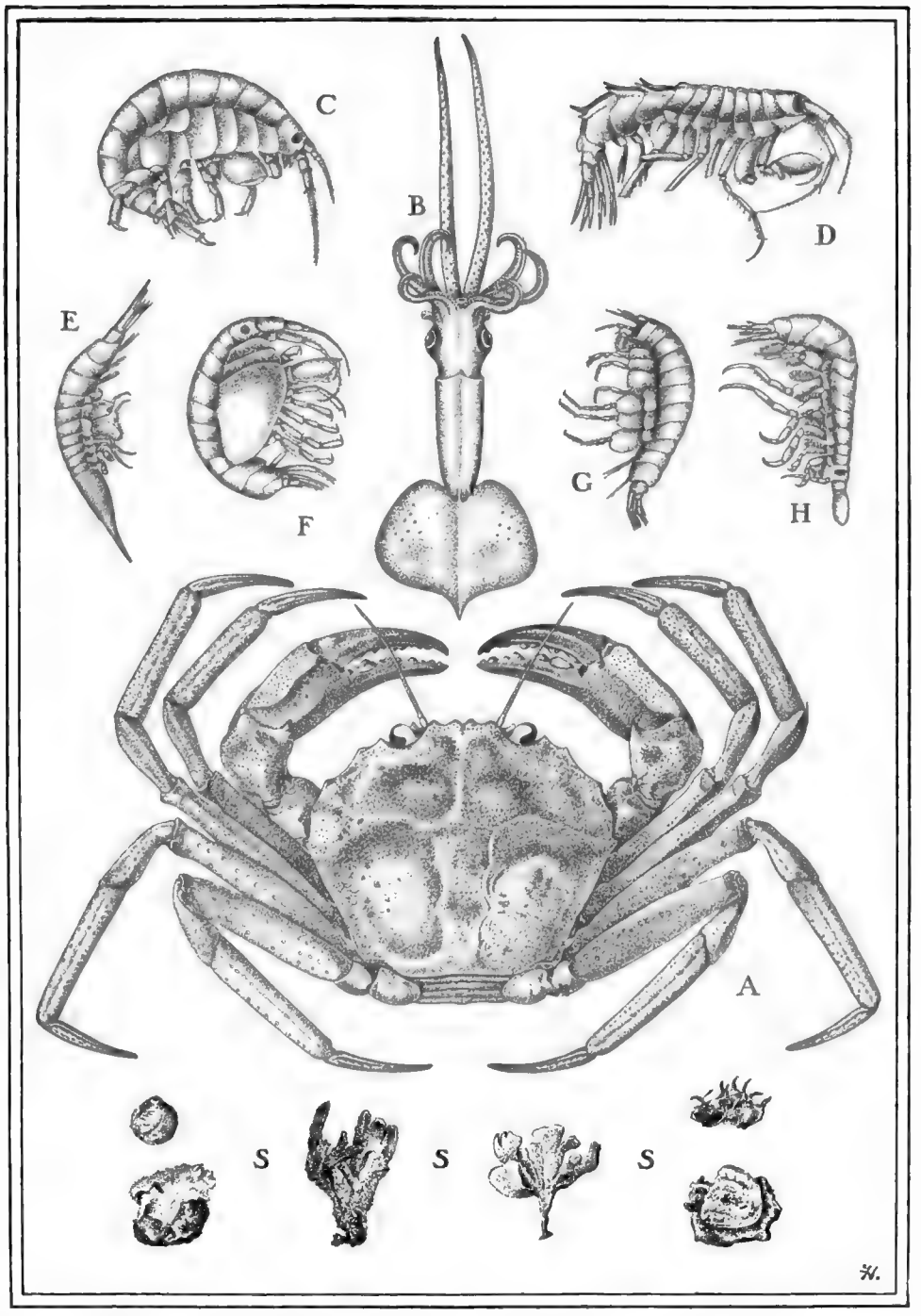

A. Geryon Affinis. A new species of monster crab, from nearly a mile deep off Azores. Nearly a yard across, with a bull-dog tenacity.

B. Chiroteuthis Grimaldii, from off the Azores, 1,500 yards deep. The tissues are transparent, and on the surface the octopus has special organs, whose structure has led to the theory that they serve for perceiving calorific rays, each organ being a "thermoscopic eye."

C, D, E, F, G, H. Fragile bizarre specimens of crabs and lobsters recovered with great care and difficulty from a net at 180 yards' depth, some from the Gulf of Gascony; one (*D*) known only to the Arctic seas, and (*F*) from off the coast of Newfoundland.

S. Other new forms of sponges discovered by the *Hirondelle*, 1886–1888.

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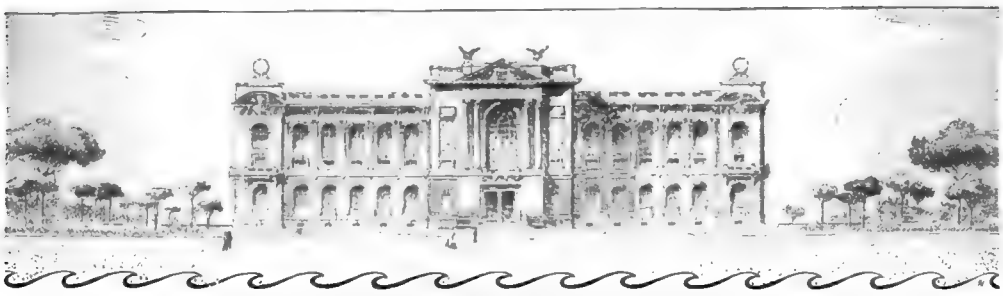
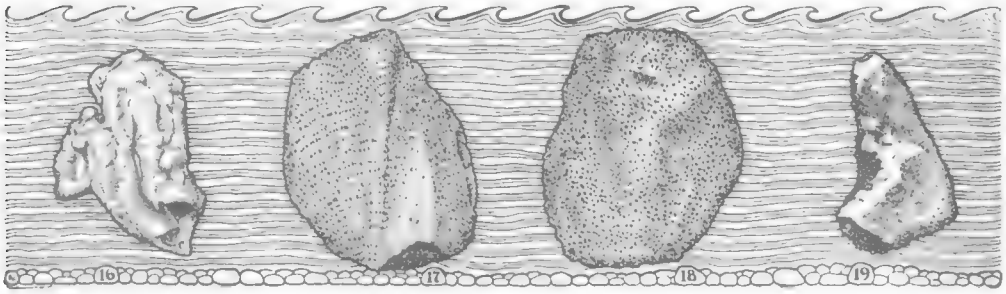


FAÇADE OF THE MUSEUM FROM THE STREET.

specimens from the greatest depth so far explored, three and one-third miles. To accomplish this, eight thousand yards of a long cable are paid out. The stirrup-net is of one-half inch meshes, two yards square at the opening, and tapers back five and a half yards to a knot. The opening is kept rigid by an iron frame. Inside, the brushes of hemp, which look like a fox's tail, serve to hold many specimens, such as mollusks, sponges, or plants, which might otherwise be lost through the netting or bruised against the harder substances of the catch. The brush in the end is more especially a buffer for delicate organisms. By its means the naturalists have obtained examples of the magnificent *Aristeus* shrimp, which has exceedingly fine antennæ more than a yard long. Weights are fixed in front of the net in order to lower it the more easily, and they are so attached to the cable that they will not tear up the bottom and frighten the fishes. Another weight at the end brings it down in good position. Finally, when the net rests on the bottom, it is gently dragged, and the mixture of animal life and slime floods into the opening and catches on the brushes. Often, however, valuable specimens come up in a bruised and mutilated state, or are crushed in the mud surrounding them. Sometimes the mass of slime thus gathered has weighed over five hundred pounds. On being brought over the rail it is first washed in three seives, one within the other, each of a smaller mesh than the one it holds. Then follows a curious sight of intensest interest. As the slime slowly crumbles away, there is revealed a horde of bizarre treasures, like the washing of that blue clay of Africa which gives up the diamond. The throng of organisms gradually takes shape and color out of the ugly mass; there are blendings of the daintiest pink or the richest violet or the most glorious scarlet. With infinite pains, and a patience well-nigh inexhaustible, the eager savants free these marvels from their entanglement.

The capture of the more agile creatures requires a net that can be dragged swiftly over the bottom. Such a one has been invented by the prince. It has larger meshes, and the opening, also larger than that of the stirrup-net, is shaped like a rectangle surmounted by an arch, so that its length and height are each eight feet. Another device consists of hempen brushes strung together, which can be dragged over rocky places where a net would be torn and where the organisms cling too tightly to the rocks to be wrenched off in any other way.

16-19. SPONGES. NEW FORMS DISCOVERED BY THE *HIRONDELLE*, 1886–1888.



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THE THRONE ROOM, PALACE OF MONACO.
The regal phase of the scientist's life.

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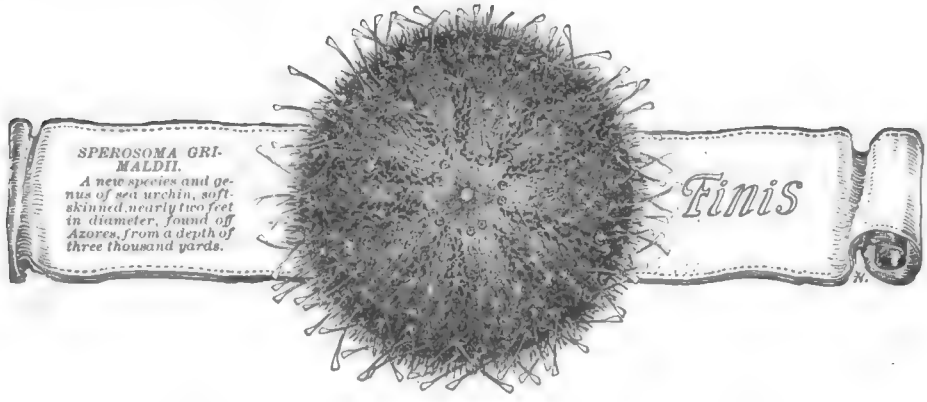
There are other types of submarine animals which cannot be caught unless you wait for them. The most useful trap for this purpose is a structure of wood and netting in the form of a chicken-coop, rectangular at the base and two sides, and triangular at the two ends. In each end there is an opening in the netting, and inside there are smaller traps for the little fish that would otherwise escape or that would be devoured by their more ferocious fellow-prisoners. The trap is baited temptingly with fish or kitchen refuse, and, when lowered to the bottom of the sea, the surface end of its cable is attached to a buoy. It is generally left for twenty-four hours, though sometimes for ten days. The naturalists have also experimented with a trap containing a battery and an electric light to allure the game, but on account of the pressure of the water it could not be operated deeper than 150 feet.

For surface fishing, the prince has constructed a net which is dragged along behind the yacht, its opening spreading fully twenty-four feet and gathering up every finny thing in its path, sometimes a very rare specimen, sometimes even a turtle. For other surface fishing, there is a whaling outfit on board, besides lines for trolling, and a seine with an electric beacon.

In the ocean there is a mass of animal and vegetable organisms that lives in the currents, or on the waves, or below the surface, and yet is too feeble to do more than just drift. The wise fishermen want to know how much of this mass there is to a given volume of sea-water, so they lower some four hundred yards down a very large and very finely woven net, and then lift it up vertically. The catch represents the mass in a column of water four hundred yards high, and the size of the net as a base. A big supply of material is then gathered for microscopic study.

Yet one kind of fishing remains to be described, and this is the fishing between waters. Certain types of fish inhabit a strata of water different from the water above and the water below. To catch these fish a trap is necessary which will open at the particular depth, capture the fishes at that particular spot, and then close again. The prince devised an arrangement with a shutter or iron sliding curtain. He fastens a weight on the cable at the given depth, lowers the cable, and then slides his trap down with the shutter closed. When the trap stops against the weight, the shock causes the shutter to open. When the trap has been set long enough, it is only necessary to slide down another weight, which closes the shutter again.

The result of all this faithful fishing is a tremendous stock of scientific raw material. The naturalists have not had time to work it over yet. In a word, they are overstocked. It will take them many busy days in the laboratories to make an inventory of their booty. The study of the rich collections is therefore only in a preliminary stage, and any estimate would be unreliable before the classifications are made and the results compiled. It is just as though a huge heterogeneous library of unknown, uncatalogued books were suddenly thrown open to the students of the world. The analogy of such a library is the museum at Monaco and its confusion of treasure. Science has yet to learn what may be revealed between the covers.


SPEROSOMA GRIMALDII.
A new species and genus of sea urchin, soft-skinned, nearly two feet in diameter, found off Azores, from a depth of three thousand yards.
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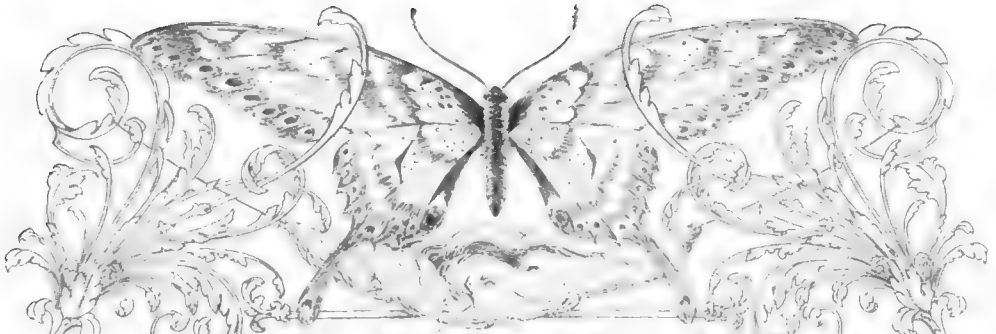

GIRLS OF MANY NATIONS

BY

PENRHYN STANLAWS

ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
ITALY
FRANCE
GERMANY

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PENRHYN STANLAWS.

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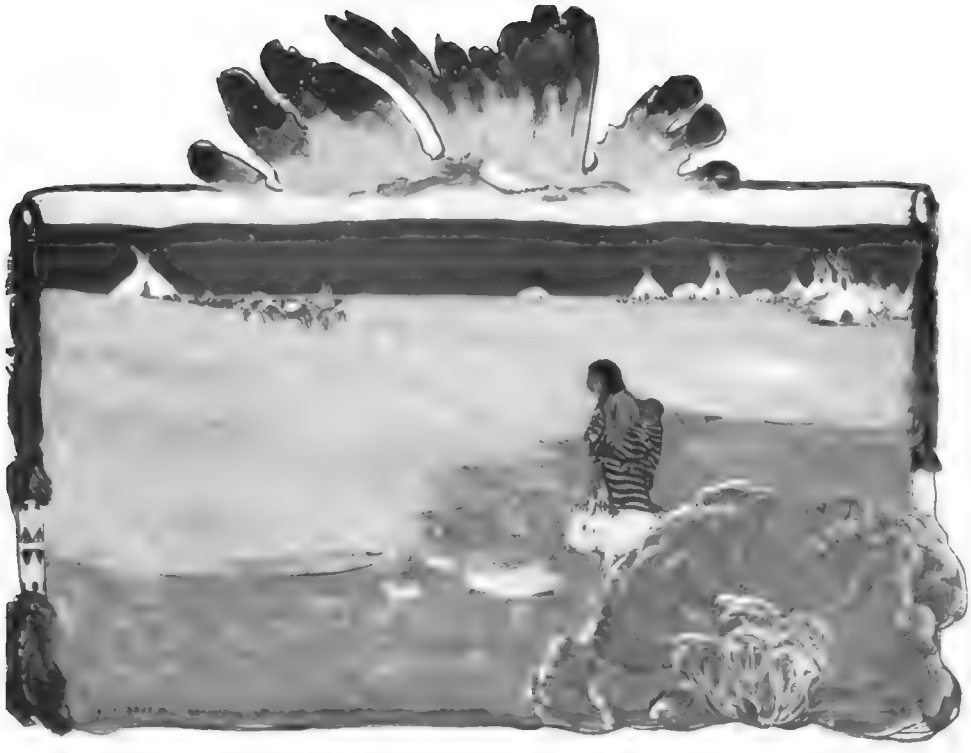

A WARRIOR'S DAUGHTER.

By Zitkala-Sä.

Illustrated by E. S. Blumenschein.

IN the afternoon shadow of a large teepee, with red-painted smoke lapels, sat a warrior father with crossed shins. His head was so poised that his eye swept easily the vast level land to the eastern horizon line.

He was the chieftain's bravest warrior. He had won by heroic deeds the privilege of staking his wigwam within the great circle of teepees.

He was also one of the most generous gift givers to the toothless old people. For this he was entitled to the red-painted smoke lapels on his cone-shaped dwelling. He was proud of his honors. He never wearied of rehearsing nightly his own brave deeds. Though by wigwam fires he prated much of his high rank and widespread fame, his great joy was a wee black-eyed daughter of eight sturdy winters. Thus as he sat upon the soft grass, with his wife at his side, bent over her bead work, he was singing a dance song, and beat lightly the rhythm with his slender hands.

His shrewd eyes softened with pleasure as he watched the easy movements of the small body dancing on the green before him.

Tusee is taking her first dancing lesson. Her tightly-braided hair curves over both brown ears like a pair of crooked little horns which glisten in the summer sun.

With her snugly moccasined feet close together, and a wee hand at her belt to stay the long string of beads which hang from her bare neck, she bends her knees gently to the rhythm of her father's voice.

Now she ventures upon the earnest movement, slightly upward and sidewise, in a circle. At length the song drops into a closing cadence, and the little woman, clad in beaded deerskin, sits down beside the elder one. Like her mother, she sits upon her feet. In a brief moment the warrior repeats the last refrain. Again Tusee springs to her feet and dances to the swing of the few final measures.

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Just as the dance was finished, an elderly man, with short, thick hair loose about his square shoulders, rode into their presence from the rear, and leaped lightly from his pony's back. Dropping the rawhide rein to the ground, he tossed himself lazily on the grass. "Hunhe, you have returned soon," said the warrior, while extending a hand to his little daughter.

Quickly the child ran to her father's side and cuddled close to him, while he tenderly placed a strong arm about her. Both father and child, eyeing the figure on the grass, waited to hear the man's report.

"It is true," began the man, with a stranger's accent. "This is the night of the dance."

"Hunha!" muttered the warrior with some surprise.

Propping himself upon his elbows, the man raised his face. His features were of the Southern type. From an enemy's camp he was taken captive long years ago by Tusee's father. But the unusual qualities of the slave had won the Sioux warrior's heart, and for the last three winters the man had had his freedom. He was made real man again. His hair was allowed to grow. However, he himself had chosen to stay in the warrior's family.

"Hunha!" again ejaculated the warrior father. Then turning to his little daughter, he asked, "Tusee, do you hear that?"

"Yes, father, and I am going to dance to-night!"

With these words she bounded out of his arm and frolicked about in glee. Hereupon the proud mother's voice rang out in a chiding laugh.

"My child, in honor of your first dance your father must give a generous gift. His ponies are wild, and roam beyond the great hill. Pray, what has he fit to offer?" she questioned, the pair of puzzled eyes fixed upon her.

"A pony from the herd, mother, a fleet-footed pony from the herd!" Tusee shouted with sudden inspiration.

Pointing a small forefinger toward the man lying on the grass, she cried, "Uncle, you will go after the pony to-morrow!" And pleased with her solution of the problem, she skipped wildly about. Her childish faith in her elders was not conditioned by a knowledge of human limitations, but thought all things possible to grown-ups.

"Hähob!" exclaimed the mother, with a rising inflection, implying by the expletive that her child's buoyant spirit be not weighted with a denial.

Quickly to the hard request the man replied, "How! I go if Tusee tells me so!"

This delighted the little one, whose black eyes brimmed over with light. Standing in front of the strong man, she clapped her small, brown hands with joy.

"That makes me glad! My heart is good! Go, uncle, and bring a handsome pony!" she cried. In an instant she would have frisked away, but an impulse held her tilting where she stood. In the man's own tongue, for he had taught her many words and phrases, she exploded, "Thank you, good uncle, thank you!" then tore away from sheer excess of glee.

The proud warrior father, smiling and narrowing his eyes, muttered approval, "Howo! Hechetu!"

LIKE her mother, Tusee has finely pencilled eyebrows and slightly extended nostrils; but in her sturdiness of form she resembles her father.

A loyal daughter, she sits within her teepee making beaded deerskins for her father, while he longs to stave off her every suitor as all unworthy of his old heart's pride. But Tusee is not alone in her dwelling. Near the entrance-way a young brave is half reclining on a mat. In silence he

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"'I ASKED HIM FOR HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.'"

watches the petals of a wild rose growing on the soft buckskin. Quickly the young woman slips the beads on the silvery sinew thread, and works them into the pretty flower design. Finally, in a low, deep voice, the young man begins:

"The sun is far past the zenith. It is now only a man's height above the western edge of land. I hurried hither to tell you to-morrow I join the war party."

He pauses for reply, but the maid's head drops lower over her deerskin, and her lips are more firmly drawn together. He continues:

"Last night in the moonlight I met your warrior father. He seemed to know I had just stepped forth from your teepee. I fear he did not like it, for though I greeted him, he was silent. I halted in his pathway. With what boldness I dared, while my heart was beating hard and fast, I asked him for his only daughter.

"Drawing himself erect to his tallest height, and gathering his loose robe more closely about his proud figure, he flashed a pair of piercing eyes upon me.

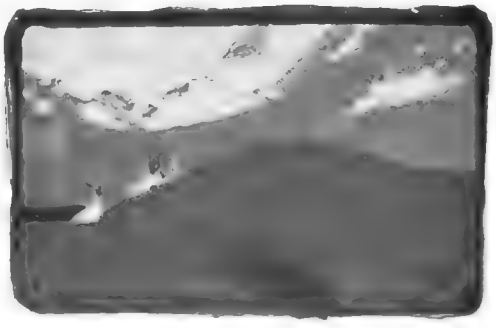
"'Young man,' said he, with a cold, slow voice that chilled me to the marrow of my bones, 'hear me. Naught but an enemy's scalp-lock, plucked fresh with your own hand, will buy Tusee for your wife.' Then he turned on his heel and stalked away."

Tusee thrusts her work aside. With earnest eyes she scans her lover's face.

"My father's heart is really kind. He would know if you are brave and true," murmured the daughter, who wished no ill-will between her two loved ones.

Then rising to go, the youth holds out a right hand. "Grasp my hand once firmly before I go, Hoye. Pray tell me, will you wait and watch for my return?"

Tusee only nods assent, for mere words are vain.



AT early dawn the round camp-ground awakes into song. Men and women sing of bravery and of triumph. They inspire the swelling breasts of the painted warriors

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mounted on prancing ponies bedecked with the green branches of trees.

Riding slowly around the great ring of cone-shaped teepees, here and there, a loud-singing warrior swears to avenge a former wrong, and thrusts a bare brown arm against the purple east, calling the Great Spirit to hear his vow. All having made the circuit, the singing war party gallops away southward.

Astride their ponies laden with food and deerskins, brave elderly women follow after their warriors. Among the foremost rides a young woman in elaborately beaded buck-skin dress. Proudly mounted, she curbs with the single rawhide loop a wild-eyed pony.

It is Tusee on her father's warhorse. Thus the war party of Indian men and their faithful women vanish beyond the southern skyline.

A day's journey brings them very near the enemy's borderland. Nightfall finds a pair of twin teepees nestled in a deep ravine. Within one lounge the painted warriors, smoking their pipes and telling weird stories by the firelight, while in the other watchful women crouch uneasily about their centre fire.

By the first gray light in the east the teepees are banished. They are gone. The warriors are in the enemy's camp, breaking dreams with their tomahawks. The women are hid away in secret places in the long thicketed ravine.

The day is far spent, the red sun is low over the west.

At length straggling warriors return, one by one, to the deep hollow. In the twilight they number their men. Three are missing. Of these absent ones two are dead; but the third one, a young man, is a captive to the foe.

"He-he!" lament the warriors, taking food in haste.

In silence each woman, with long strides, hurries to and fro, tying large bundles on her pony's back. Under cover of night the war party must hasten homeward. Motionless, with bowed head, sits a woman in her hiding-place. She grieves for her lover.

In bitterness of spirit she hears the warriors' murmuring words. With set teeth she plans to cheat the hated enemy of their captive. In the meanwhile low signals are given, and the war party, unaware of Tusee's absence, steal quietly away. The soft thud of pony-hoofs grows fainter and fainter. The gradual hush of the empty ravine whirrs noisily in the ear of the young woman. Alert for any sound of footfalls nigh, she holds her breath to listen. Her right hand rests on a long knife in her belt. Ah, yes, she knows where her pony is hid, but not yet has she need of him. Satisfied that no danger is nigh, she prowls forth from her place of hiding. With a panther's tread and pace she climbs the high ridge beyond the low ravine. From thence she spies the enemy's camp-fires.

Rooted to the barren bluff the slender woman's figure stands on the pinnacle of night, outlined against a starry sky. The cool night breeze wafts to her burning ear snatches of song and drum. With desperate hate she bites her teeth.

Tusee beckons the stars to witness. With impassioned voice and uplifted face she pleads:

"Great Spirit, speed me to my lover's rescue! Give me swift cunning for a weapon this night! All-powerful Spirit, grant me my warrior-father's heart, strong to slay a foe and mighty to save a friend!"

IN the midst of the enemy's camp-ground, underneath a temporary dance-house, are men and women in gala-day dress. It is late in the night, but the merry warriors

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bend and bow their nude, painted bodies before a bright centre fire. To the lusty men's voices and the rhythmic throbbing drum, they leap and rebound with feathered headgears waving.

Women with red-painted cheeks and long, braided hair sit in a large half-circle against the willow railing. They, too, join in the singing, and rise to dance with their victorious warriors.

Amid this circular dance arena stands a prisoner bound to a post, haggard with shame and sorrow. He hangs his dishevelled head.

He stares with unseeing eyes upon the bare earth at his feet. With jeers and smirking faces the dancers mock the Dakota captive. Rowdy braves and small boys hoot and yell in derision.

Silent among the noisy mob, a tall woman, leaning both elbows on the round willow railing, peers into the lighted arena. The dancing centre fire shines bright into her handsome face, intensifying the night in her dark eyes. It breaks into myriad points upon her beaded dress. Unmindful of the surging throng jostling her at either side, she glares in upon the hateful, scoffing men. Suddenly she turns her head. Tittering maids whisper near her ear:

"There! There! See him now, sneering in the captive's face. 'Tis he who sprang upon the young man and dragged him by his long hair to yonder post. See! He is handsome! How gracefully he dances!"

The silent young woman looks toward the bound captive. She sees a warrior, scarce older than the captive, flourishing a tomahawk in the Dakota's face. A burning rage darts forth from her eyes and brands him for a victim of revenge. Her heart mutters within her breast, "Come, I wish to meet you, vile foe, who captured my lover and tortures him now with a living death."

Here the singers hush their voices, and the dancers scatter to their various resting-places along the willow ring. The victor gives a reluctant last twirl of his tomahawk, then, like the others, he leaves the centre ground. With head and shoulders swaying from side to side, he carries a high-pointing chin toward the willow railing. Sitting down upon the ground with crossed legs, he fans himself with an outspread turkey wing.

Now and then he stops his haughty blinking to peep out of the corners of his eyes. He hears some one clearing her throat gently. It is unmistakably for his ear. The wing-fan swings irregularly to and fro. At length he turns a proud face over a bare shoulder and beholds a handsome woman smiling.

"Ah, she would speak to a hero!" thumps his heart wildly.

The singers raise their voices in unison. The music is irresistible. Again lunges the victor into the open arena. Again he leers into the captive's face. At every interval between the songs he returns to his resting-place. Here the young woman awaits him. As he approaches she smiles boldly into his eyes. He is pleased with her face and her smile.

Waving his wing-fan spasmodically in front of his face, he sits with his ears pricked up. He catches a low whisper. A hand taps him lightly on the shoulder. The handsome woman speaks to him in his own tongue. "Come out into the night. I wish to tell you who I am."

He must know what sweet words of praise the handsome woman has for him. With both hands he spreads the meshes of the loosely-woven willows, and crawls out unnoticed into the dark.

Before him stands the young woman. Beckoning him with a slender hand, she steps backward, away from the light and the restless throng of onlookers. He follows with impatient strides. She quickens her pace. He lengthens his strides. Then suddenly the woman turns from him and darts away with amazing speed. Clinching his fists and biting his lower lip, the young man runs after the fleeing woman. In his maddened pursuit he forgets the dance arena.

Beside a cluster of low bushes the woman halts. The young man, panting for breath and plunging headlong forward, whispers loud, "Pray tell me, are you a woman or an evil spirit to lure me away?"

Turning on heels firmly planted in the earth, the woman gives a wild spring forward, like a panther for its prey. In a husky voice she hissed between her teeth, "I am a Dakota woman!"

From her unerring long knife the enemy falls heavily at her feet. The Great Spirit heard Tusee's prayer on the hilltop. He gave her a warrior's strong heart to lessen the foe by one.

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"'AH, SHE WOULD SPEAK TO A HERO!'"

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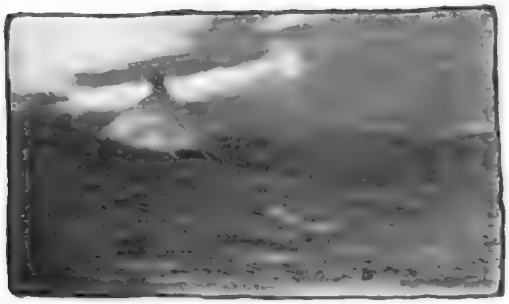


A BENT old woman's figure, with a bundle like a grandchild slung on her back, walks round and round the dance-house. The wearied onlookers are leaving in twos and threes. The tired dancers creep out of the willow railing, and some go out at the entrance way, till the singers, too, rise from the drum and are trudging drowsily homeward. Within the arena the centre fire lies broken in red embers. The night no longer lingers about the willow railing, but, hovering into the dance-house, covers here and there a snoring man whom sleep has overpowered where he sat.

The captive in his tight-binding rawhide ropes hangs in hopeless despair. Close about him the gloom of night is slowly crouching. Yet the last red, crackling embers cast a faint light upon his long black hair, and, shining through the thick mats, caress his wan face with undying hope.

Still about the dance-house the old woman prowls. Now the embers are gray with ashes.

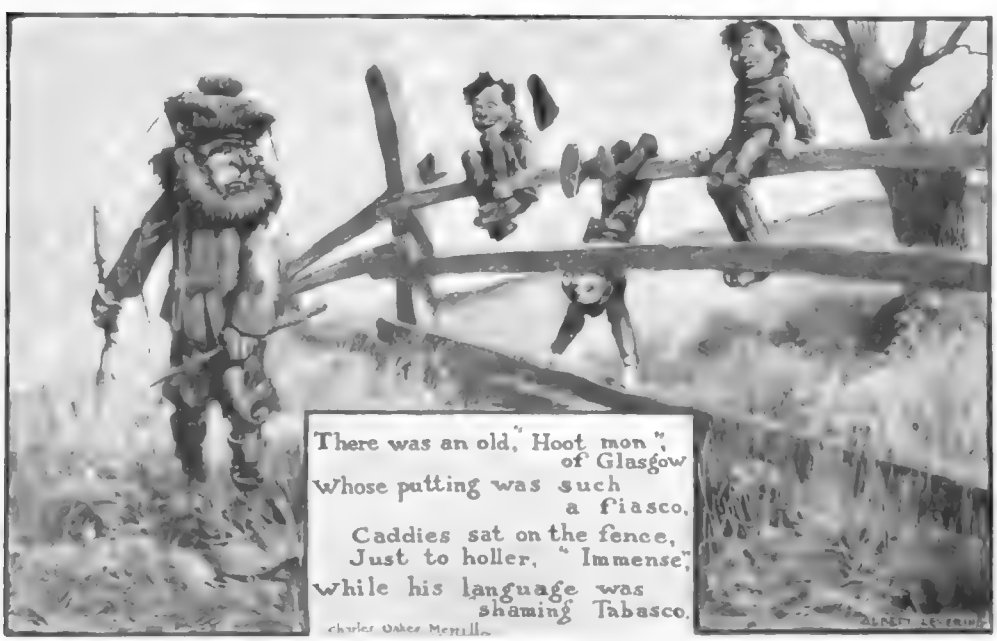
The old bent woman appears at the entrance way. With a cautious, groping foot she enters. Whispering between her teeth a lullaby for her sleeping child in her blanket, she searches for something forgotten.

Noisily snored the dreaming men in the darkest parts. As the lisping old woman draws nigh, the captive again opens his eyes.

A forefinger she presses to her lip. The young man arouses himself from his stupor. His senses belie him. Before his wide-open eyes the old bent figure straightens into its youthful stature. Tusee herself is beside him. With a stroke upward and downward she severs the cruel cords with her sharp blade. Dropping her blanket from her shoulders, so that it hangs from her girdled waist like a skirt, she shakes the large bundle into a light shawl for her lover. Quickly she spreads it over his bare back.

"Come!" she whispers, and turns to go; but the young man, numb and helpless, staggers nigh to falling.

The sight of his weakness makes her strong. A mighty power thrills her body. Stooping beneath his outstretched arms grasping at the air for support, Tusee lifts him upon her broad shoulders. With half-running, triumphant steps she carries him away into the open night.



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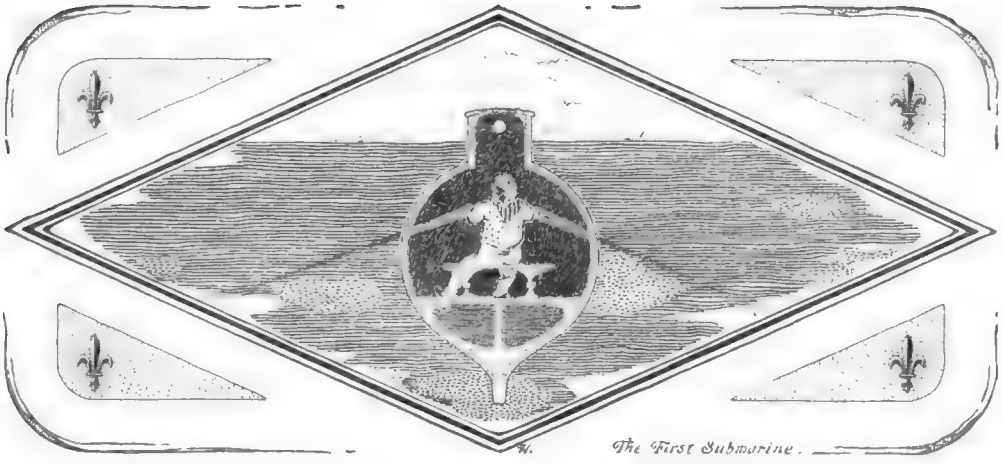

The First Submarine.

WARFARE UNDER WATER.

The Mysterious *Gustave-Zédé*, and her Achievements.—Superiority of American over French Submarine Craft.

WHAT is to be the most important invention of a thousand years; from five hundred years ago to five hundred years hence? We shall see if the answer has not to do with the submarine torpedo boat.

There was gunpowder, a lone little invention which wrought one of the profoundest upheavals that ever quickened and sent tingling the life-blood of human society. The yeoman with blunderbuss instead of pike became a unit of battle equal to the ironclad baron himself, and down tottered the whole massive, monstrous system of feudalism. Now the world is awaiting the heir of gunpowder. When such an heir appears—a machine of destruction that pierces armor-plate as the bullet sped through mail—then you may look for another readjusting of matters here below. Only last July a submarine demonstrated repeatedly and conclusively that the arrogant battleship is not an inviolable tyrant after all. Theoretically it destroyed the ironclad, just as the harpoon slays the whale. Had the torpedo been charged, the man-of-war would have strewn the Mediterranean in splintered rain. The tests hold a significant promise for the future.

More recently, January 5th to 7th, the submarines showed their power as a flotilla. It was the plan of the manœuvres that the port of Cherbourg be threatened. Two men-of-war—huge, bristling, terrible—had been sighted. They were the *Bouvines* and the *Amiral-Tréhouart*, as frightful of aspect as the warships of France usually are. It seemed that the coast was at their mercy, for none of the steel bulldogs were at home to oppose the invaders. Off in the bay, though, might be seen now and then long, slender, shadowy things that glided under the waves. Yet what factor could such wee spawn be against monsters that swelled the very tide with their bulk? Nevertheless, the monsters had been warned, and for a while they hovered well out of the way, an unseemly cowardice for such big fellows. At last, under cover of night, the *Tréhouart* steered silently upon the city. She even gained the Bay of Sainte-Anne without sign of hindrance. But over the dark water, far away, the end of a tube thrust itself above the waves. No searchlight might detect that small dot. But under the water, housed in one of the long, slender shadows, a man looked through the other end of the tube. He saw the great black hull moving up the bay. It was reflected down to him through prisms. A look sufficed, and he drew in the tube and gave an order. Valves were opened, and there came the sound of gur-

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gling water. The boat was sinking. Down it went, sluggishly, and after a time it stopped. Then the screw began to turn, and the mysterious craft took a horizontal course swiftly under the waves. Its electric motor throbbed as from muffled breathing. Silhouettes of men in intense attitudes at their posts stood out fantastically in the dim light. But time and again they would look in nervous excitement from their pilot to a man in the bow. This man leaned over a long tubular arrangement that thrust its nose through the prow. After a short distance the screw ceased its whirring, the boat stopped under the sea, and compressed air-pumps opened upon the reservoirs filled with water. As the vessel grew lighter, it began to ascend. "There!" called the commander before they had quite reached the surface. Again the sighting-tube was thrust through the roof of the turret. This time the menacing shadow of the ironclad loomed up nearer, within a few hundred yards at least. A rapid, precise calculation, and a veering of the boat full on the enemy meant the last preparation, and then a final command. Every man turned unconsciously towards that man in the prow, and there followed a breathless moment of silence. The torpedo had sped from the tube towards the battleship. It struck square and compact against her steel side. By rights the monster was blown into scrap iron, and France was saved from invasion. You remember snowball fights—when you are hit in the face, you are dead.

Two days later the make-believe commenced all over again. The *Tréhouart*, none the worse for her late destruction, stood in direst peril. Somewhere under the waters the *Triton* was stealing upon her. But as the submarine was taking final observations, a fishing smack blundered in the way, and the *Triton* had to come fairly to the surface to avoid a collision. No sooner was she seen than the warship began blazing away at her with the rapid-fire guns. But midway in this triumph a second submarine, the *Espadon*, had closed in from the other side and launched a torpedo, and again the battleship was a dead 'un. By now there was a naval fight in full career. The *Cassini*, a torpedo gunboat, tried to run the gauntlet of submarines, and met her reckoning half-way. The deep-water wasps showed cunning that day. The ironclad *Bouvines* was thundering terrifically at everything in sight, when a submarine rose and took flight. The *Bouvines* gave chase and plunged squarely into a trap, for off in that direction the submarine *Morse* lay in wait. Her torpedo flashed like a shooting star through the sea, and batted its nose against the big ship's hull. Thereupon the *Morse* showed herself on the surface, and eight men clambered out upon her back to claim the battleship as their prize. Above them the crew of the *Bouvines* loudly cheered the victors. With all her foes at the bottom of the ocean, France slept blissfully that night.

The first submarine to reassure the country was the *Gustave-Zédé*, and the *Zédé* is still the most popular of the submarine fleet. July 3d last the battleship *Charles-Martel* meant to attack Ajaccio. The *Zédé*, though, had come all the way from Toulon to oppose her. The ironclad was weighing anchor preparatory for business, when the submarine, 250 yards distant, let fly her torpedo. It struck home honestly. That was a feat which created no end of emotion throughout a delighted nation. Later in the month the *Zédé* added to her victories. An entire fleet menaced Toulon, and the Premier and Minister of Marine had arrived to witness the hostilities. With superb ease the *Zédé* sunk the flagship *Bouvet*. The torpedo was launched from a distance of three hundred yards, and struck the larboard side ten feet under the water-line. All on board heard the sound of the blow and felt its impact. Here, indeed, was a new engine which would change absolutely the tactics of naval warfare.

The *Zédé* was a *succès fou*, as crazy a one as you please. The boat was France's first fighting submarine, and France promptly went submarine mad. She resolved to have a whole flotilla of them. A recent budget provides for twenty-six, and more are on the way. Previously the torpedo had enjoyed a *fureur*, for was it not the pivot of coast defence! But here was a torpedo boat invisible. Were it not that a dash of conservatism happens just now to wield political power in France, the people would be for chucking over their ironclads altogether, and forthwith trying their new toys against the whole terrible might of the Britannic fleets. But for consolation they show off their submarines to the Czar, the better to prove themselves worthy the proud estate of allies.

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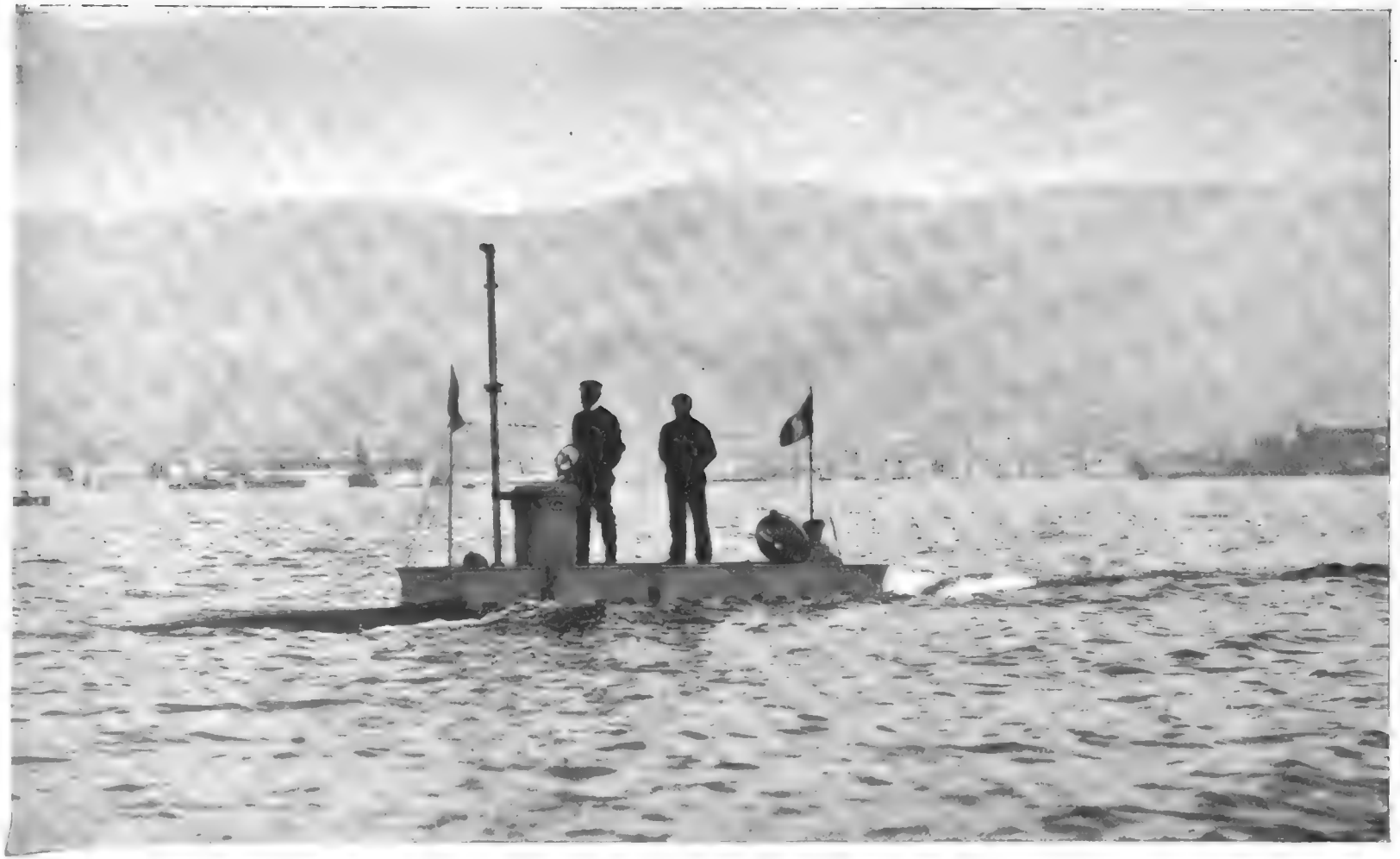

GYMNOTE, OR *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ No.* 1. THE FIRST SUBMARINE TRAINING SHIP.

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The really successful submarine seemed to spring into existence of a sudden, which is a curious fact when we consider the several centuries of failures. The dawning came with our own remarkable *Holland* and the French *Goubet*. The first of the latter type was built in 1885, and, as perfected since then, it is regarded as fulfilling all the conditions of submarine navigation. The boat looks like a huge almond. The shell of bronze, twenty feet long and five feet across, is made from a single casting, which has a resistance force of over six million pounds. This would enable it to go down three hundred feet without danger. The emergency the boat may be rowed by hand. The oars would also prove convenient for delicate manœuvring around a ship's sides. The screw is so articulated on its shaft that it can be turned in any position without stopping, and thus serves as a rudder for guiding the vessel up and down and horizontally. Intricate evolutions in a small space are accordingly possible. The *Goubet's* safety keel gives us a fair idea of those of nearly all submarines. Even should it never have to be used, yet the moral effect on the crew makes it of the utmost importance. The assurance that you are going to come up alive certainly has its value.

PRESIDENT LOUBET INSPECTING THE OUTER WORKS OF THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ*.

Goubet is very compact, for it has just enough room for the engines and a crew of two men. These two sit opposite each other in the centre, with their eyes on a level with the lookout windows in the turret. The water reservoirs for submersions are in the lower portion of the hull, and a pump sends the water forward or back, to correct the incline of the boat. Electricity is the sole motive power. The battery of sixty elements, with a bisulphate of mercury base and zinc and carbon electrodes gives off no hydrogen gas, which, by the way, is an extremely important consideration, for a spark from the dynamo might set fire to this gas and blow up the boat. The *Goubet's* battery lasts for eight hours, and gives a speed of six knots. In case of This assurance on the *Goubet* is a false keel weighing 1,980 pounds, or somewhat more than the water necessary for immersion. Suppose the pumps refuse to work—one need only unscrew a pin in the bottom. Then the keel drops off and the boat bobs up to the surface as buoyantly as a cork, even though the reservoirs be still filled with water. The inventor Goubet and a companion once saved their lives in this very way. For armament a torpedo may be carried at either side. They are launched from within, and exploded by an electric wire. As to ventilation, the boat holds enough air for two hours; but the vitiated air must be forced from the vessel by pumps. In addition, two steel tubes containing 4,700 litres of oxygen compressed to thirty-seven

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THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ* HALF SUBMERGED, WITH PRESIDENT LOUBET ABOARD.

and one-half litres prolong the supply by thirty hours. As the oxygen is used, the air pressure within mounts, as indicated by the manometer, but a stroke of the air-pump forces the excess through the bottom, and with it the carbonic gas and other animal exhalations that fall.

At present there is a *Goubet* in the French submarine fleet, and, as with all the others, it is jealously guarded. A turret a half-mile away must not be seen by any intrusive eye, and to attempt a photograph would be treason, according to a brand-new law made expressly to fit the crime. Only the crew of each particular boat may enter therein, and when the crew are on shore, each man Jack of them is especially watched lest he talk. The latest *Goubet* was tested last fall in a lake at St. Ouen, near Paris. It is twenty-five feet long, weighs ten tons, and holds four men. Electricity, four horse-power, is again the sole motive power. Several trials last October demonstrated her perfect control. The experts stayed under six hours and breathed easily. Aside from the temperature, sixty degrees Fahr., and close quarters, they suffered no discomfort. They could hear everything going on within a mile. At a depth of ten yards falling rain sounded clearly, and a nail dropping on the boat rang like the striking of a clock. They telephoned with people on shore or sent out messages in water-tight globes forced through an aperture at the bow. For night signalling, fuses are sent up which explode on reaching the surface.

THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ* UNDER WATER, WITH PRESIDENT LOUBET ABOARD.

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FRENCH SUBMARINE IN DRY DOCK, SHOWING THE PECULIAR ARRANGEMENT OF THE SCREW.

Thus in the *Goubet* we see how the chief obstacles of submarine navigation have been overcome; but there remains another, that of vision. A fighting submarine should be able to see without being seen. Her appearance at the surface would mean at once a warning to the enemy and her own peril. And yet it is dark any distance under water. The optical tube, though, is not a bad makeshift. At least it enables the submarine to take observations while yet a yard or so under water. The contrivance is a simple adjustment of two prisms, so arranged in the tube as to reflect any image on the surface of the water. The tube extends through the turret, so that its end reaches out of the water. The light rays strike the normal face of the first prism at the horizon line, and are reflected completely on striking the inclined face; and thus they are sent down upon the second prism, where they undergo a similar deflection that finally reaches the eye of the man below. Any waves at all make the tube's end invisible.

The *Gustave-Zédé*, about which so much has been heard, was built for grim, sure-enough annihilation. That is why she is so popular in France. She first floated in 1897. She is 159¾ feet long, the biggest of any in the navy. In her successors, like the *Morse*, *Français*, and *Algérie*, this length has been reduced to 110 feet. Monsieur Romazzotti, an engineer of the marine, built the *Zédé* at Toulon, where she was christened for Monsieur Zédé, then dead. As a submarine she is a giantess. Her circular shell measures 11½ feet in diameter; she has a displacement of 266 tons, and carries eight men. Two electric motors of 360 horse-power each, one independent of the other, turn her screw at the rate of 250 times a minute. The motor weighs 27 tons, and the battery of 720 elements 130 tons. There are four water reservoirs, one at each end and two in the middle. Two pumps worked by two motors furnish the compressed air for pushing out the water. The same pumps give ventilation and power for launching the torpedoes. The *Zédé* carries three torpedoes, which are shot from a tube in the bow. Water rushes into the tube directly the torpedo is cast, but compressed air quickly forces it out again, and the apparatus is ready for another charge. A vertical rudder serves for horizontal steering, and a horizontal one for the dive.

CROSS-SECTION INTERIOR OF THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ*.

At the start the new boat was very far from stirring up any crazy success. Many disappointments attended the initiatory trials. The batteries gave trouble, and once a short circuit set the vessel on fire. After two years of tinkering, new batteries were installed. Then, at last, the *Zédé* showed that she could make eight knots an hour. Only the top of her turret offered a mark while the commander took his bearings, and the rest of the boat was fully a yard under water. During her first official trials she launched two torpedoes against the battleship *Magenta*. One of the two times the target was in motion. Still, to make sure that the *Zédé* was actually the solution of the submarine problem, the French put her through a series of rigorous tests. Then they began to wax enthusiastic. Their pet travelled through a rolling sea, though she was near enough to the surface for her cupola to stick out. She went from Toulon to Marseilles in seven hours, a distance of forty-one miles. The turret was sealed, so that as to ventilation the conditions were the same as submer-

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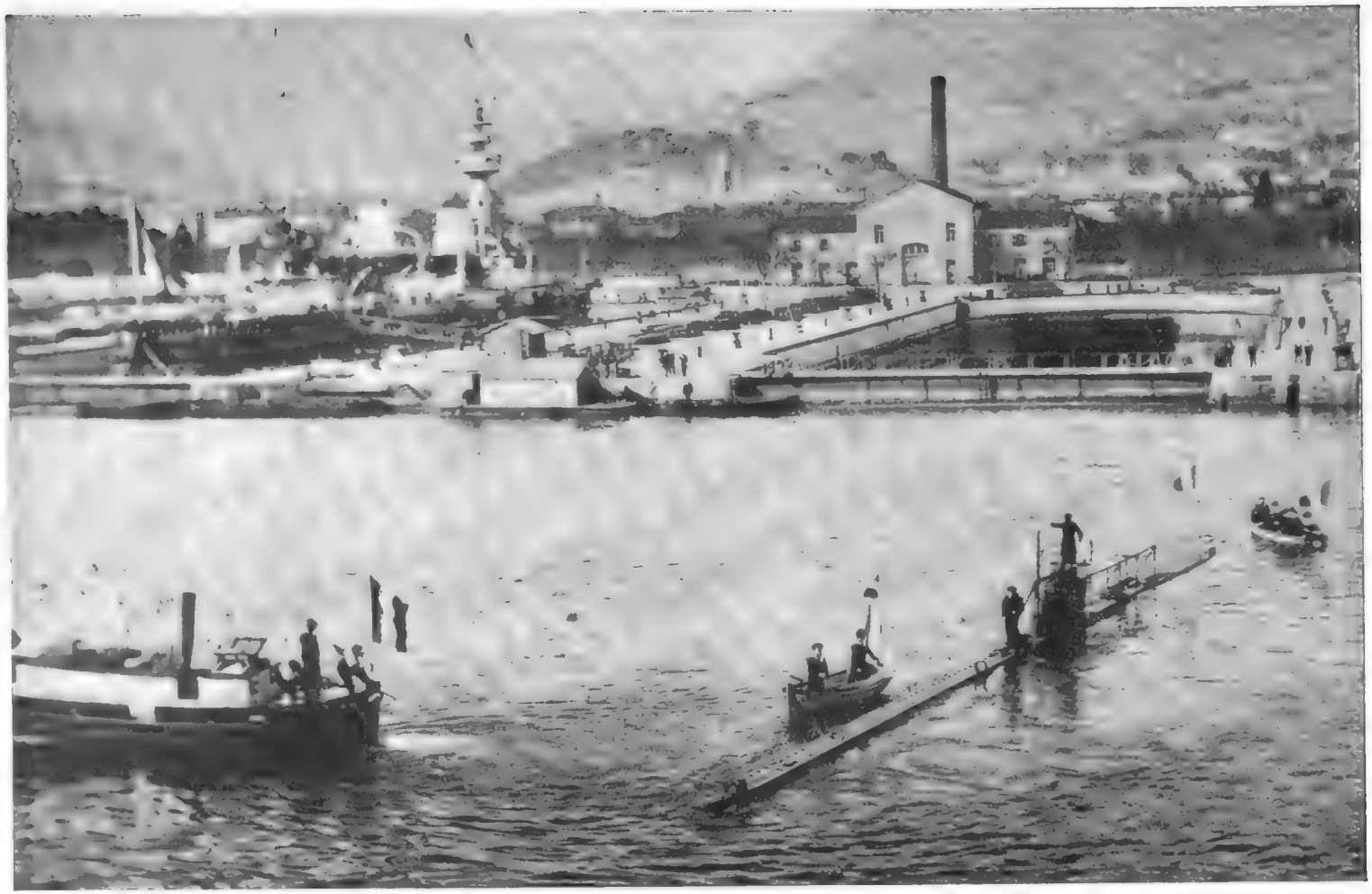

THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ* AT TOULON, SHOWING ENTIRE DECK.

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THE SUBMARINE *LA SIRÈNE* IN DUNKIRK HARBOR.

This, the first photograph of the new French submarines, was made surreptitiously and with great caution.

sion. At the finish she still had enough power for the return trip. Next, three ironclads fired at her, but she dived unharmed, and sent a torpedo against one of the enemy, which hit. Then up she came again. In all she made five appearances, the longest for one and one-half minutes; but the time was so short, and she herself so small that not a shot touched her. Her later feats, as already described, were more conclusive as to navigation and precision of arms.

The *Morse*, the hero of that last ironclad baiting in January, is a *Zédé* over again, only smaller. She measures 110 feet by 10, and has a displacement of 140 tons. A 350-horse-power electric motor gives the screw 250 revolutions a minute. At first she had a petroleum motor for surface work, but the innovation had to be abandoned. In this respect the French are far behind ourselves, for even in 1877 the *Holland* applied both systems with success. Any comparison is startling. The *Morse*, which required six years for building, has a range of action of 120 miles, while a *Holland* has several thousand, to say nothing of its greater speed. Finally, in 1896, the French Government acquired, through an open competition, the plans of Monsieur Labeuf for a double motive-power submarine, and from these, in 1899, the *Narval* was built. For the surface five oil-burners heat a multitubular boiler which runs a 250-horse-power steam-engine. The first *Holland* also burned oil. Thus the range of action has been considerably increased, at 625 miles on the surface and 72 below, according to speed. The *Narval* can make 12 knots above and 8 knots under water. As with the *Holland*, the batteries can be recharged from the engine when the boat is on the surface. But despite these imitations, the two are by no means equal. I understand that one of our boats recently stayed under water for thirty-six hours with eight men on board, and travelled at eight knots, though she can make ten. And again, the recent trials of the *Fulton* are every bit as sensational. Still, the *Narval* is a vastly superior boat as compared with her predecessors in France, for she, at least, need not be held fast to her fuel base. She is made of two shells, one within the other, the space serving for water reservoirs; another *Holland* idea. This affords a greater margin for water ballast. Partitions keep the water from running from one end of the boat to the other. But there is one drawback. The reservoirs fill so slowly that complete immersion from complete buoyancy requires thirty or forty minutes. The *Holland* needs as many seconds. Instead of plunging obliquely, as effected by the hori-

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zontal rudder, the *Narval* goes down in a horizontal position by means of a pair of rudders near each end. Thus the boat keeps its normal position, and saves the strain on bolts that hold the heavy engines in place. Other boats of the Labeuf type are being steadily added to the submarine strength.

Now in France there is always some one to rise up against a popular enthusiasm, and it often results in some very profitable thinking. Naturally, then, doubts have been cast on the value of submarines in war, and so the experts have fought the question out most entertainingly. One naval critic declares that the submarines cannot be depended upon beyond the home port. He hoots as fantastic the idea of carrying one aboard a cruiser, to be let down at the scene of battle as a negro would release a game-cock. A hostile ship could discover the cruiser's presence while yet the distance was too great for disembarking the submarine. And then, because of difference in speed, the hostile ship could easily run away from the submarine. And, lastly, the submarine would likely come up somewhere out of sight of friends with all her power exhausted. The critic further warns his countrymen that the submarine should inspire only a relative confidence, since it can serve in but infrequent cases, and then only as an accessory of a fleet. It betrays its presence by noises, which are magnified by the microphone aboard any ship. How, then, could a warship be surprised? It could let down a net, or run away. And besides, the automatic torpedo is unreliable, especially when the target is manœuvring. And before the submarines become dangerous, the ironclads will have some sort of defensive engine.

On the other side are the marine engineers, MM. F. Forest and H. Noalhat. Keep up the quota of regular cruisers, they advise, but at the same time be prepared with an adequate force of the best possible pattern of submarines; for the submarines are undoubtedly superior to all other torpedo boats. They are really the most silent of ships. They could prepare a veritable mine under an ironclad protected by a net; and if the ironclad were not at anchor the net would so lessen her speed that the submarines would have no trouble in effecting her destruction. There remain now only a few minor imperfections of detail, and these are being overcome. As for the rest, we can ourselves imagine arguments, and picture the wondrous naval battle of the future. Torpedoes guided by wireless telegraphy will make the shot a certainty, for, after all, a pinch of explosive in the right place is mightier than a warship. If the submarine can do the placing, then it is plenty big enough. It promises to be the

THE LAUNCHING OF A SUBMARINE.

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JUST RISEN TO THE SURFACE.

THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ* DESTROYING THE *CHARLES-MARTEL* OFF AJACCIO.

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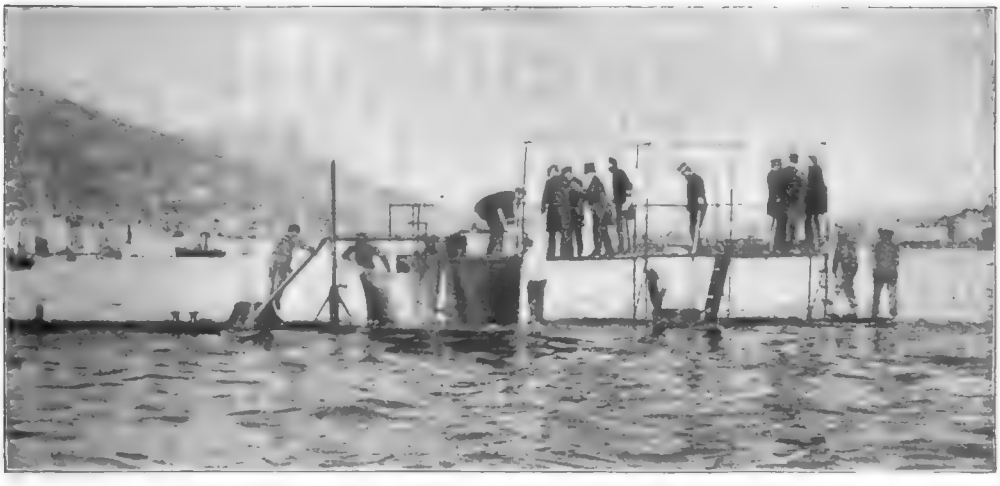
last quintessence of dead certainty. Again, it may even ram through a hull and spend its idle time in clipping the mine wires of a blockaded port. As a scout it will meet hostile scouts, and then there will ensue sharpshooting in the dark, the first submarine battle. Above, the two ironclad hosts will wait while the champions below decide the battle's issue.

Countries other than France have been acquiring submarines more generally than we might imagine. As interesting as any for us might have been the *Peral* of Spain, had she but ventured across for conclusions during the late war. The Castilians are quite proud of their *Peral*. They made a grandee out of the inventor, as though that were a climax over being an inventor. But for some reason, after each trial, the *Peral* has to be towed back for repairs. Details of the boat are guarded as state secrets. However, it is $72\frac{3}{8}$ feet long, $9\frac{47}{100}$ feet wide, and afloat it displaces 87 tons. There are two screws, each propelled by a 30-horse-power electric motor. Three smaller motors work the water pumps. Theoretically the compressed-air reservoirs for breathing should permit a two days' immersion. The *Peral* is armed with a torpedo tube and a powerful electric lamp. The boat sinks and rises vertically. In 1890 the *Peral* simulated a night attack on the *Colon*, and came within ten yards unseen despite the *Colon's* searchlights. A more curious possession of Spain is a submarine for two men that runs by clockwork.

Italy owns several submarines, the best known being the *Delfino*, which has done as well as the *Zédé*. She can easily make ten knots an hour under water. Germany and Russia are naturally wide awake over the subject, while such countries as Sweden, Turkey, and Greece also have their submarines. Great Britain has been quietly weighing the whole question, and has about concluded that the value of the submarine is exaggerated. She would not fear them in a hostile fleet, but such conservatism is British all the way through. Still, she is building several mid great secrecy, and in 1901 she launched five of the Maxim and Vickers type.

And now a word as to what we ourselves have been doing, and that, too, for the sake of impartial judgment, from the French standpoint. No more reliable statement can be had than that of the two experts, MM. Forest and Noalhat. In their technical treatise on the subject these two gentlemen frankly admit that the Americans are now so far ahead in this field that the French may never overtake us. They point to our double motive-power boats as *the* perfection, beside which the French submarines are only *similaires*. What more would you have? Be it a submarine or something kindred, we are in line for that greatest invention of a thousand years.



PRESIDENT LOUBET ARRIVING ON BOARD THE *GUSTAVE-ZÉDÉ*.

Photograph by a French naval officer aboard a battleship.

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A CONFESSION OF LOVE.

By Helen Huntington.

Illustrated by C. H. White.

IT was a cool August evening when Professor Viarnois came forth from his modest apartment on the fourth floor back of *Veuve* Collin's *pension*, to raise his spirits, if possible, by means of fresh air and exercise.

He had been two weeks in Antwerp, having gone there from Rouen in search of a position as professor of French in some institution of learning. This, after some difficulty, he succeeded in finding, and thought himself fortunate, as French teachers are not much in demand in a city where French is universally spoken. However, in the school where Professor Viarnois was to practise his art there were a number of English and German pupils; to these his time was to be devoted.

His dejection arose from the fact that four weeks were yet to elapse before the opening of the school, and his entire personal fortune, then in his pocket, amounted to exactly thirty francs. He had hoped to eke out this sum by means of private pupils, but none were to be heard of, and the financial outlook was growing daily darker.

The Professor, known to his friends as Jean Louis, was the son of a Rouen photographer, who had sold so many views of the Cathedral and other monuments of ancient Gothic art, that he had been able to give his boy a good education with a view toward fitting him for teaching.

Jean Louis had studied faithfully, and had taken his degree after having won the consideration of his teachers and fellow-students.

He was a slim, delicate young fellow, whose life had been too full of hard work for him to have become infected with modern ideas. Facts had occupied him to the exclusion of conjecture, and at twenty-four he retained his belief in the Church, the marriage tie, and the literature of the 'forties. He had a boyish timidity in the presence of strangers, but was light-hearted in solitude, being blessed with the seeing eye of an artist and something of a poet's impressionable soul. Even now, with the prospect of pauperism gathering darkly on his horizon, he felt his spirits rising as he became part of the gay, cosmopolitan tide which ebbed and flowed through the avenues of Antwerp.

Instead of the musty, mediæval city he had fancied it before his arrival, Antwerp seemed to him to have all the life and animation of a little Paris. Old Antwerp, if it still existed, had apparently withdrawn into a corner where, in silent dignity, it awaited the approach of the reverent and serious-minded visitor.

The Professor walked slowly along, stopping now and then to look in a shop window, until, in the gathering dusk, he came to the Place Verte, in sight of the Cathedral.

The beautiful spire rose, delicate yet majestic, into the deep twilight blue of the sky. Behind it the light of the early stars melted in the last gleam of day. The doors were closed. The Professor pictured to himself the interior, cold and vast and dark; the veiled altar-pieces; the lingering trail of incense; the dark spaces where, in the daytime, glowed the brilliant painted glass of the windows; the ghostly shadows of pulpits and choir-stalls. Surely, there in the blackness and solitude, he thought, there rings of itself at midnight the bell which announces the Presence.

He wandered on until he came to the river side. There, where in the daytime stood a row of dingy warehouses, there shone now a line of glittering lights, as if the city, like a coquettish old woman, had covered up her bones with a diamond necklace.

The Professor shivered in the cold breath of air which blew over the wide current of the Schelde. With the old depression stronger than ever, he turned to go back to his lodgings. At the doorway he met *Veuve* Collin.

"Well, Monsieur, how goes it?" she asked.

The Professor responded rather curtly. He found the widow fat, greasy, and intol-

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erable. The cat arched her back at his approach, and showed by graceful, feline coquetry that she was ready to receive attentions; but the Professor passed her by without a glance, and went heavily on his way up the staircase until he came to his own room. He lighted a candle and glanced around the apartment. The one north window opened on a small iron balcony, where stood a few straggling geraniums—plants which, deprived of the sun, refused to do more than simply continue a barren and dispirited existence.

The next morning, as he was sitting in dressing-gown and slippers, slowly sipping the muddy coffee he had himself prepared over a small oil-stove, he heard a heavy tread on the stairs, and the loud, asthmatic breathing which always announced the advent of *Veuve* Collin. A moment after, she knocked, entered in response to his summons, and stood for a moment, speechless and gasping, her hand on her bosom.

She was evidently out of temper at being obliged to climb to the Professor's lofty abode. When she regained breath, she spoke.

"There is a *monsieur* below," she said, regarding the Professor with a small, unfriendly eye, "who would speak with you —an Englishman who talks like a Spanish cow. He awaits you in the *salon*." "A pupil!" thought the Professor. He arose, directly the widow's broad back was turned, and began, with some agitation, to divest himself of dressing-gown and slippers; then he put on his shiny black coat and his best shoes, cut off the frayed edges of his cuffs with a pair of scissors, and made all possible haste down stairs. The door of the small, dark *salon* was open, and he found his visitor seated on the extreme edge of a chair, his hands folded on his walking-stick, which was planted firmly between his knees. He was a man of about fifty, dressed with great care, and wearing his clothes with the air of one who feels that he has a right to the best. His face was smoothly shaven save for a short, stiff mustache, and his mouth was a straight, inflexible line above a very square chin. The eyes which met the Professor's were deeply set and of a pale, cold blue; eyes which seemed made for piercing disguises, for watching opportunities, and for guarding secrets.

He did not rise from his chair, but said, "Good-morning," and began to explain in fluent French, badly pronounced, that he was searching for a teacher to give French lessons to his niece, who was stopping with him at the Hotel St. Martin. He had been recommended to Professor Viarnois by the English bookseller in the Place Verte, and he wished to know the Professor's terms, also the hours which he could give daily to his niece.

The Professor, concealing his embarrassment before the business-like stranger under an elaborate show of courtesy, replied that he received one franc fifty centimes per hour for lessons, and that as to time he was entirely at monsieur's disposal, as he had no regular pupils.

From the expression on the stranger's face it might have been thought that he considered this last admission as stupid as it was unnecessary; at the same time his manner increased slightly in cordiality, as if he were making an unexpectedly good bargain in getting French for one franc fifty centimes an hour.

After some further discussion it was arranged that the Professor should present himself at the Hotel St. Martin the next morning at eleven. The visitor, as he took his leave, offered his card, on which was engraved the name, *Mr. James R. Harris*, and in one corner, 1334 *Madison Avenue, New York*.

The next day, in a state of ardent, pedagogical zeal, the Professor made his way to the Hotel St. Martin, and sent up his card to Room 9, which, as the German *concierge* informed him, was the drawing-room occupied by the rich American and his niece. He was bidden to ascend immediately, and was ushered into a square apartment gaudily furnished and comfortless. Mr. Harris, who was seated by a much-ornamented, uneven-legged writing desk, reading some letters, greeted the Professor with a nod, and looking toward the end of the room, where a figure had risen, said, with business-like abruptness, "The Professor, Madeline!" Jean Louis bowed nervously, and the young lady made a slight inclination of the head.

She was dark and slender, with a face wherein certain signs indicated extreme youth and others the experience of an older age. Evidently she did not share in the Professor's embarrassment, for she sat down at the round centre table, folded her slim hands upon the rough, woollen roses of the cover, and said something in English. The

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Professor did not understand English. He deposited his books on the table, but remained standing with his hand on the back of a chair.

"Is it that you speak French at all, mademoiselle?" he asked respectfully. "A very little," she answered in that language, speaking in a painstaking manner, and as if she recalled the words from some phrase-book. She motioned toward a chair, and the Professor sat down, keeping at a scrupulous distance, however.

"Let us then begin," he said slowly and carefully, in order that he might be understood, "by learning the names of the objects in the room."

His pupil looked at him attentively, but with the vacant expression of one who only partially understands. The Professor repeated his sentence, and went on to give the names of the surrounding objects. In this fashion the lesson proceeded, Mr. Harris, meanwhile, regarding from the window the operations of some Flemish laborers who were repairing the road with crushed stone.

"SEARCHING FOR A TEACHER TO GIVE FRENCH LESSONS TO HIS NIECE."

Finally he interrupted the Professor by exclaiming irritably, "Look at that dump-cart! Raised with a hand-crank and emptied from the side. I'd like to show them a first-class American dump-cart once!" A moment after, apparently with a desire to vent his scorn of primitive Belgian methods to the workmen themselves, he seized his hat, and saying hastily, "I'm going out, Madeline," quitted the room, much to the Professor's consternation. To be left alone with a young girl was to him an entirely novel and disconcerting experience; but he forced himself to appear at ease, and composed a series of sentences, according to the Gouin Method, with a swiftness and mental fertility which surprised him. He seldom ventured to raise his eyes to those of his pupil, but when he did, he found her regarding him serenely, with an impersonal attention which went far toward restoring his self-possession.

A phonograph mechanically giving forth words and phrases might have received as much consideration as did the Professor. Becoming aware of this he took a less furtive observation of his pupil. She was pretty in a fragile, uninsistent way, and attracted Jean Louis as being the product of an unknown race and unknown environments.

Something about her, too, impressed him as being distinctive, apart from birth or circumstance, some hint of melancholy and reserve. He commenced by trying to understand, and ended, like all true worshippers, with simple love and faith.

That first lesson was the beginning of a spell which crept slowly over him. Day after day he went to the Hotel St. Martin with the humble devotion of a pilgrim going to a votive shrine, yet between him and his pupil there was as impassable a wall of silence as if they had both been dumb.

What interchange of thought could there be over such sentences as, "I cross the room;" "I reach the door;" "I put out my hand;" "I take hold of the knob;" "I turn the knob;" etc.?

Indeed the Professor, try as he would, was obliged to confess to himself that his pupil had no natural aptitude for foreign tongues. Even the

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Gouin Method, to which he faithfully adhered, proved ineffectual in her case. One had only to look in her eyes to see that she was not stupid; the bar to her progress was

"SHE DID NOT SHARE IN THE PROFESSOR'S EMBARRASSMENT."

more a sort of weary indifference, or, again an almost irritating levity. Once when the Professor had triumphantly concluded a series of sentences on the proceedings of an imaginary cook, she wilfully confounded them with the evolutions of smoke, learned the day before, and asserted that the cook was dispersed through space, lost himself in the air, and disappeared. Poor Jean Louis was as much disconcerted by this pleasantry as if the wax Virgin in the chapel where he worshipped had deliberately lifted her stiff, gold-embroidered skirts and executed a *pas seul*.

In the meanwhile Mr. Harris went on his own way, comparing Belgian and American customs, manners, and institutions. At times he insisted that his niece should accompany him on long, fatiguing expeditions along the quays, and then left her standing among dry docks and warehouses while he became absorbed in the working of sluices and hydraulic cranes. Again, he went off alone, not to return until late at night, and she spent the day as best she could in the dreary solitude of the hotel. All this Jean Louis was aware of and mourned over with the dumb sympathy of a faithful dog.

The time set for the departure of Mr. Harris and his niece at length drew near at hand. The former was plainly chafing with impatience to set sail for his native shores. He had, guide-book in hand, thoroughly patrolled the streets of Antwerp, and visited all the spots insisted upon by the truthful, unswerving, and relentless Baedecker.

The Professor divined this, and perhaps cherished a student's contempt for the mere man of business. Mr. Harris, on his side, did not consider Jean Louis at all. A French Professor with a puny frame, a timid manner, and pale blue cravats had for him no place whatever in the scheme of the universe.

One morning, a few days before the sailing of the Red Star steamer on which Mr. Harris had engaged passage, Jean Louis left his *pension* to go and give his last lesson at the Hotel St. Martin.

It was a *fête* day. In the Place Verte the sun shone brightly, and a military band played lively and popular airs. The flower-market was a mass of fragrant bloom; *laitières*, having disposed of their stock of milk, stopped a moment to listen to the music, and the tired dogs harnessed to their little carts lay down and snatched a moment's repose. Tourists conscientiously took note of local color, soldiers in gay uniforms ogled the pretty girls, babies pursued a wobbling career underfoot, and everywhere through the crowd hobbled the beggars—dirty, crippled, revolting, importunate.

Suddenly there came in sight two Sisters of St. Joseph in their sombre gowns, black poke bonnets, wide white collars, and swinging rosaries. They were going in the same direction as Jean Louis, and walked so swiftly that they presently overtook him and went on ahead.

The Professor pursued his way with leaden feet and a heavy heart. In a few days there would be no more lessons; she would be gone.

He approached the hotel and was greeted by the *concierge* with his usual toothy smile. Seeing that the man wished to speak to him, the Professor stopped. "The young lady in No. 9 is very ill," said the *concierge*. "*Monsieur le docteur* has been twice in the night. The Sisters of St. Joseph have just

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arrived to nurse. What a misfortune! *Hein?*"

The Professor waited to hear no more, but hurried up the stairs. A voice responded in answer to his knock at the door of No. 9, and he went in. Mr. Harris was pacing up and down the room, looking angry and excited.

"Yes, she's ill," he said in answer to the Professor's anxious inquiry. "I was a fool to have brought her. She has been delicate for a year, nothing much the matter with her it seemed. The doctors said the ocean voyage and the change and all would do her good, so I brought her over. Well, it's done her no good, and my trip is spoiled. Here she is on my hands."

Mr. Harris thrust his hands deep in his pockets and looked at the Professor, with a line between his brows. Jean Louis was silent; he could find no words. "Of course I shall have her well taken care of. She's got two Sisters in there now, and the best doctor in the city. The money is nothing. It is the bother of having her laid up here in this foreign hole."

"Her family?" the Professor ventured to inquire.

"She has no family but me," replied Mr. Harris. "She is a queer girl — Madeline — not like any one else. I never liked these little creatures with their minds a thousand miles off; they are depressing to have around. I like a woman who is full of life and spirits and *go*. Not but that Madeline is good-tempered enough," he added.

JEAN LOUIS VIARNOIS, PROFESSOR OF FRENCH.

The inner room, where Sister Felicie and Sister Anastasie were busy, had taken on the grim look of a place besieged by Death. The sick woman lay on the bed, her flushed, haggard face thrown back on a low pillow, her hair dishevelled, her eyes closed. Under the coarse blanket which covered her the outlines of her figure could be seen, straight, rigid, and almost inanimate. Yet, though she lay seemingly unconscious, her mind was abnormally alert and strained to catch the meaning of the low murmur of rapid French which came from the lips of the Sisters as they moved noiselessly about the room. Once she heard a word which flashed distinctly across her brain as she had seen it on the top line of a page in her grammar, "*Dire*, to say," "*Monsieur le docteur*," and she remembered that in French one never omitted the polite title.

She wondered what the doctor said, then fell to conjugate the verb "*dire*," with some vague idea of improving her time.

Je dis, tu dis, il dit, etc. What was the imperfect? She had forgotten. How annoying not to be able to remember! Her eyes half opened, and she saw the black bonnets of the Sisters bobbing toward each other in the corner. They were discussing the case, the patient, and, incidentally, many things.

Outside the hot noon sun blazed on the roofs of the houses across the way. Through the partly closed shutters there could be seen a strip of sullen blue sky, and the tree-tops gray with dust. The tap of feet on the sidewalk sounded from

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beneath the window, and from the adjoining room, where Mr. Harris was solacing the long hours of weary waiting with a brandy and soda, came the tinkle of a silver spoon against glass.

The second day of the fever came, a fever which, meeting with no resistance from an exhausted body, was raging with the license of a tyrant and conqueror. The long, hot hours went slowly by, the doctor came and went, and there were many whispered consultations between him and Mr. Harris.

"It is the brain," he said, "and the heart is weak. It is a matter of a few days—hours perhaps."

"She has been sickly for a year," replied Mr. Harris; "I don't know why I brought her."

Toward night the Sisters went to their convent for supper, and Mr. Harris took their place watching by the patient's bed. He was more disturbed than he had ever been by any mishap, not connected with his business, in the course of his entire life, and he had no great affection for his niece to draw his mind away from the contemplation of the material vexations and perplexities of the position.

Poor Jean Louis had spent a day of agony walking aimlessly to and fro in the streets, straying sometimes into the Cathedral to pray for the soul of her who was so soon to depart for a world more inaccessible even than America. Toward nightfall he had ventured to turn his steps once more toward the Hotel St. Martin, fearing his visit might be an intrusion, yet unable to keep away.

The Sisters came back from the convent and found their patient lying in a sort of stupor, and murmuring incoherent words in a half-whisper. Sister Anastasie knelt by the side of the bed and took the thin, weak hands in hers. Madeline's eyes opened and rested on the face of her nurse. "*D'eau,*" she said faintly. "No, *de l'eau;* I forget. Water is feminine. Give me some lady water, Sister."

The water was brought, and she drank a few drops, her gaze wandering around the room. When she had finished, Sister Felicie took Sister Anastasie's place, and knelt by the side of the bed. Her eyes, resting on the sufferer's, had a compelling power as if to anchor the soul to consciousness. She spoke in her ear, very slow and distinctly, in her sweet, tender voice:

"This world is nothing."

The sick woman's eyes met the Sister's with a look of ineffable yearning. "Nothing—nothing!" she repeated. Her face quivered like that of a child seeking comfort and sympathy. She struggled to find words—the words of that strange foreign tongue—to express her thought, but the effort was too great. Her face grew dull again. The Sister held the crucifix against the dry, hot lips, but already she had lapsed into unconsciousness.

"It will be to-night," said the doctor when he came again. And in the night, when the chill that precedes the dawn was in the air, when the wasting candle threw on the wall monstrous, fantastic shadows from the Sisters' poke bonnets, and the room was heavy with the smell of fever, Mr. Harris's niece died.

The Professor heard the news when he came early in the morning to inquire. "Such a misfortune!" exclaimed the *concierge*. "And the house full of guests! However, the American is rich, he can pay." In the upper hall the Professor encountered Mr. Harris, who seemed hurried and full of business. He stopped long enough to hear the Professor's expression of sympathy and condolence, and then made a movement as if to go on, but the other still detained him. It seemed as if he wished to say something more, yet no words came. His face grew suddenly very white.

"Well?" said Mr. Harris.

"If I might ask such a great, such an unmerited, favor," began the Professor, in a voice which trembled; "it is that I might look once more on the face of mademoiselle. I had for her so deep a respect, so——"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Harris. "The Sisters are there. You can go in. You will pardon me if I leave you. I have much to do," and he hurried off.

The Professor made his way to the door where he had knocked so many times. It was opened by Sister Anastasie. He briefly explained his wishes, and the permission he had received from Mr. Harris, and Sister Anastasie motioned toward the inner room. He pushed the door gently open and went in. The disarray of the sick-room had not been yet removed. The table held some glasses, a spoon, an alcohol lamp, and an iron saucepan, and on the shelf stood a row of medicine bottles on which the dust had

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already begun to gather. There were no flowers, no burning tapers; only on the bed a stiff, shrouded figure.

As the Professor entered, Sister Felicie rose from her knees by the side of the dead.

There lay the body of the lady of his dreams. In life she had been as far removed from his thoughts and knowledge as a star; but in death alone, neglected, forsaken, she seemed suddenly near. He approached the bed. Sister Felicie drew the covering from the still face, and then went to the other side of the room. A quick impulse came to the Professor. He leaned over and whispered in the dead woman's ear the words he had never dared say to his own heart while she lived:

"I loved you!"

TANGLED UP IN BEULAH LAND.

By An Author.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

According to Madame Petunia Dewey, a woman of the world and half-sister of Rufus, the latter is "only related to" his "Club and his Son." Suspecting this Son to have a growing tenderness for some theatrical unknown, Rufus seeks advice from his half-sister and from an old club friend, Major Downs, both of whom agree that it is wise to let young bloods have their swing; which advice horrifies Rufus' self-accusing conscience, and he, in his perplexity, begins to think seriously of Madame Dewey's casual hint that he himself should get married—incidentally to Madame Coldcream. Charlie also has an anxious interview with Madame Petunia concerning his father's failings in the matter of the unknown Madame Coldcream, in which it appears that father and son entertain similar views toward each other. It so happens that at this time Rufus receives a most opportune letter inviting him with his son to make an old friend, the Doctor, a visit to the country. With model unselfishness, each considering such a visit to be a capital cure for the other's malady, they set off together on a May day, and arrive at Tuskaloo, Penn., called by the Doctor "Beulah Land," where the sly Doctor's tangle, like vaccine, soon begins to take with an energy unsuspected save, perhaps, by the ingenuous Polly, the Doctor's niece, and Io her friend, the first managing Rufus, the second, Charlie; more particularly when one day the latter, out for an early morning ride with indifferent Miss Io, comes suddenly upon his father carrying Polly across the stream of the Swirl, a mortifying situation considerably strengthening the friendship of the delinquents, who loiter homeward by the way of the Lodge, where milk and bread and butter can be obtained, and are met by Boylston, the coachman, with his team, and driven home. A few days after this Rufus and the Doctor, in the library, are interrupted by Polly, who insists upon being admitted to the conference, in which an understanding is arrived at concerning the future of Charlie and Io, and Rufus is introduced more intimately to the charms of the fine old country-place and to Mr. Fancher, a beau of Io's, and a dawning cause of jealousy to Charlie. Just at this time Polly takes it into her head to visit neighboring cousins at the Clove, so thither Rufus and the Doctor are compelled to walk one summer day to seek advice and to bring the young woman home. On the way, the Doctor-philosopher, explaining to his companion that he is one who "isn't content to furrow the land, but fraternizes with it," calls Polly a sheep who has strayed because she "scented the conspiracy and resented the omission," and detested Fancher. They find Polly at the Clove, Boylston coming up later with "Mother" in the phaeton, and shortly after Io and Charlie on horseback. Polly is delighted, and from her window takes a snap-shot of the group. When at home, on the Rose Bench, Rufus, confiding his troubles to Polly, finds that she is the very young woman from whose influence he thought to have removed Charlie when bringing him to the country.

VIII.—IN WHICH I STRUGGLE WITH MY OWN WEB.

I WISH I could describe with exactness how this large clap of thunder from a small pink cloud affected me. I suppose the best way to express it would be to avoid the idea of thunder and stick to that of lightning, for I was not so much stunned as illuminated. Whatever may have been my immediate surprise, I had no opportunity to express it to my companion, for she pulled her hand away from mine suddenly and disappeared, leaving only a few flurries of rose leaves.

I think I sat there some time feeling that nothing but sheer slang would accurately express my condition, and calling myself confidentially "a purblind chump." But I must say that my momentary irritation and resentment were accompanied by a very distinct sense of loss that, to tell the truth, was more poignant than anything else. It was not alone that my Comrade had suddenly withdrawn from the atmosphere of affectionate frankness that I had created for him, and gone without hesitation into the common arena of deception; but a sprite—a real, live, and lovable piece of ingenuous girlhood that I had warmed to with all the ardent susceptibility of years—had shaken her skirts and resolved herself into a common actress, intent only on making me a victim of her intrigue. Such a discovery always congeals a man's best judgment, turning even his limpid magnanimity into sharp crystals.

It was growing late in the afternoon. I sat there on the Rose Bench feeling a new sense of loneliness stealing over me. After all, what folly it was to try and keep alive

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and fresh the zestful companionships which one has outgrown. The things that one cherishes most must go on their way. It is the penalty of age to be deserted. What was it the Doctor had so recently preached to me about turning the penalty into a privilege and giving up? Must a man then tear out of his heart all that keeps him alive, and say to it cheerfully, go your way, my share in it all is relinquished? What a supreme and protective philosophy such a man as Major Downs possessed. Those practical old fellows kept their systems free from these undergrowths, and escaped from the dotage of the sensibilities into the sufficient routine of dinners and cards and good, wholesome tittle-tattle, enjoying the procession calmly from the safe club window.

I looked at the roses, hanging all round me with odorous opulence. They wore a new aspect of evanescence, and every light breath of air bade them fall to pieces and litter the ground with outworn beauty. The bees far up the wall of the house kept up a dull moan. It was like the movement of some irresistible, ongoing stream. A few swallows flickered across the sky, to and fro, with vagrant uncertainty. The big shadow of the house reached eastward. I could see its peak crawling across the highway as if to emphasize the passing of the afternoon, or, perhaps, with the merciless symbolism of all visible things, only to picture for me what might be crawling over my own heart.

Bah! you will say. For a man of your age this is the very effervescence of decline. Up man, and about your duty if you have any. It is not the rôle of maturity to sit in rose bowers and moon.

If you are saying this, it is a coincidence; for it is just what I was saying myself, as I got up and struck the rose vine with my cane, a little vindictively, only to bring down a shower of petals as if I deserved to be snowed under, pinkly.

I walked off vigorously. Perhaps the circulation of the blood helped to clear the emotional sky and stir up my volition, for I said, "Ho, ho, I am only so much waste material to be used by others. My views and desires are entitled only to politeness. Very well, my youthful plotters—by Jove! there's Coldcream who has to be counted with."

I believe I stopped and put my hand on the opposite arm as if I had a card up my sleeve. But the act, absurd as it was, brought its own reaction, as if I had assured myself that there really was no card there.

Is there a Coldcream? I asked aloud of a bird that was sitting on the top of a shadbush, or is she another vagary made for the occasion. The bird said nothing, and I replied to myself: I will write to Coldcream to-night; and just then the note of a tanager came across to me from the trees at the river, as if the summer had answered me with a bell.

I would go over to the Swirl and think it all out with a severe sense of duty, and thus be able to meet circumstances with the austere complacency of a disciplined mind. Then I strode along again as I felt my resolution reaching from my limbs into my mind, occasionally looking back just as though Coldcream might be pursuing me.

The portal of the woods was carpeted with moss, and I entered it noiselessly and preoccupied with my own musings, to come in sight of the Swirl and, as I live, Polly herself, sitting by the side of the pagoda with her head in her hands, Niobe-like, all tears. A more disconsolate little wreck I never before saw in such a frame of gold and green. Before she was aware of it, I was upon her and had sat down beside her, putting out one authoritative hand as gently and firmly as I could, to keep her from going off in another flurry.

"Young woman," I said, calling to my gravity the full aid of the vernacular, "we must have this thing out. I suppose you thought I was only made to dance a gavotte with."

"Why couldn't you let me alone?" she said, turning a wet face full upon me. It reminded me so clearly of those roses all falling to pieces, that it seemed as if I had used my speech, as I had used my cane, and she was shrinking, shattered, from the blow.

"I packed my trunk and went away. What did you bring me back for?" she asked.

"Polly," I replied, "you must see that some explanation is proper on your part. You made a pretty show of candor (a very good imitation it was, too) when we first met."

"And you nipped it in the bud. I wanted to tell you everything."

"Did you? I am glad to hear it. You can do it now."

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"Oh, I am tired of it all, now, and I am not of sufficient account to anybody to bother with it."

"But remember that I still consider myself of sufficient account to expect it, and Charlie, too—he is of sufficient account—at least in my estimation."

"Then why don't you go to him? You probably understand him better than you do me. Did he ever deceive you?"

"I was proud to think that he never did. But that was before he met you, Polly."

"And I am a deceiving, frivolous, mischief-making thing, bent on ruining him."

"Do sit down, Polly, and try and act like a sensible woman. I did not say anything like that. I am trying my best to find out *what* you are."

"I am just a poor, innocent girl who never wanted to deceive anybody, and between you all I feel like a guilty wretch."

"But if you will only sit down and make a clean breast of it I am sure you will feel better. I shall."

In spite of myself I could not help admiring her as she stood there in a piquant attitude of defence, her head up saucily, and her little handkerchief in her hand ready at intervals to give her eyes a dab.

"You make a great mistake," she said. "I refuse to be a culprit and make a confession. I haven't done a thing to be ashamed of."

"Now, now, Polly," I rejoined, as I shook my finger monitorily at her, "you know very well that you have committed two unpardonable sins. In the first place, you made Charlie fall in love with you."

"I made him?"

"Yes. And it seems that would not satisfy you, but you must carry your mischief even farther."

"I must? How must I?"

"Why, you had to make his old father fall in love with you, too."

She sat down on the root of a tulip tree at a safe distance from me, regarding me with poised perplexity in which there were some half-drowned gleams of her old roguishness reviving.

"What did you come down here to Tuskaloo for?" I asked.

"Because I belong here. What did *you* come for—you do not belong here."

"It seems to me now," I said, "that I came down here because you and Charlie arranged it."

"What injustice. I told your son in New York that I was going home. I was sick of New York. I wanted to get away. I am always trying to get away, and everybody prevents me. One day he came and told me that I could not get away. You were coming down here, and he would have to come with you. What had he to do with it? What had I to do with it?"

She was fairly started now, and her sense of wrong thawed her volubility.

"When you came here and made your plans, I tried to get away again. I don't want to interfere with anything. Why can't you let me alone?"

"Perhaps," I said meditatively, as I gazed into the deep green Swirl, "perhaps it's because your going away would be the greatest interference of all. I suppose Charlie and you have about fixed everything in your minds; just how it should all end, if other persons would only let you alone. You would go off, and the next thing he would go off after you. My views of the matter would not be of the slightest moment."

"You are doing him a great injustice," said Polly. "He is a young thing and cannot leave his father."

"And you tried to beguile him away. Polly, you are a young thing yourself. I am sorry to say you are a disappointment."

"So are you. What's the use talking any more about it. We are both disappointments. Let's part."

"Oh, I don't see any sense in that. Running away will not help matters. Anyway, I don't want you to run away from me."

"Well, I don't see how I can run away from Charlie without running away from you."

"But I want you to help me—and Charlie. You really have his interest at heart, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't. I'm going to have my own interest at heart, and I'm not going to be annoyed any more."

Up went the handkerchief for a dab; but as her head went up at the same time with a saucy jerk, one action neutralized the other.

"Don't worry, Polly," I said; "these things never turn out as bad as they at first sight seem to be. You will get over it," I added with an indulgent imbecility, as I looked into the Swirl that was smoothly eddying in oily vortices.

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"Of course," she replied, "I'll get out of it."

"Can you get out of it nicely?"

"To be sure I can. I can go back to New York."

"To the theatre? I wouldn't do that, after leaving it. By the way, what made you leave it?"

"I didn't like it."

"That is not a good reason."

"People would not let me alone."

"Charlie told you he didn't like it?"

"No, he didn't."

"Didn't he? What did he tell you?"

"He said you wouldn't like it."

"Oh, you got out because I wouldn't like it."

"But you do like it now, don't you?"

"I neither like nor dislike it. What annoys me is that Charlie should have withdrawn from my confidence. He should have told me everything from the start."

"Well, he wanted to, and—I wouldn't let him."

"And why wouldn't you let him, pray?"

"Because I wanted to tell you myself."

"Oh, it was arranged between you to tell me all about it, and you both failed to do it."

"I suppose so. But that's all done now. We didn't know what your plans were, and I didn't know how easily he would do whatever you desired. It's different now."

"What is different?"

"Charlie."

"In what respect?"

"Well, he is beginning to see now that he ought to do what you want him to do. He didn't see it so clearly before."

"Before? Before what?"

"Before he saw Io."

"Do you mean to tell me, Polly, that my son has no more strength of character than to fall in love with every pretty face he encounters?"

"Oh, it would be very impolite to tell you what I think about it."

"I shall not have him disparaged, Polly."

"No; consider his filial duty. He has more strength of character than I have, and more father."

It took all my mental power to separate her irony from her admiration, as she sat there perked up on the root of the tulip tree, like a French picture of the seventeenth century.

"I hope," she said, "you do not think I am mean enough to interfere with his duty, now that it is made plain to me."

"But it isn't as plain to me, my dear, as it was."

"No?"

Such a composite and amorphous "No" never could have been uttered before. I felt something like a little pang of pity as I looked at her sitting there bolt upright, for, after all, it was a most unwarrantable proceeding on my part.

"No," I said; "I don't think you should go away and carry such mistakes with you. Better stay and help me clear up matters. What is that bell ringing for?"

"That is your dinner—they are waiting for you."

"Then come along. Let us go to dinner."

"I don't want any dinner. Don't bother about me."

"But I shall bother," I said, getting up. "I shall not go back without you. If you do not come along, you will have the whole household out here looking for you again, and then our little private affairs will be betrayed to everybody."

As she stood up I approached her, seeing that there was a sign of irresolution.

"Let me wipe your eyes," I said, taking her handkerchief and dipping it into the Swirl. "We need not exhibit our feelings any more than is necessary."

She let me do some gentle dabbing myself, and looked up at me half wonderingly like a child, with her handsome blue eyes full of a tender liquid light, and I thought to myself that Charlie was not such a fool after all. She had another dry handkerchief handy, with which she wiped the water from her face, and while she was doing it, I leaned over, and before she knew it, had kissed her on the forehead paternally and even forgivingly, and got ahead of all protest by saying:

"Come along; now you look like the morning star again."

She was passive and unresisting, and allowed me to pull her arm under mine. Just before we arrived at the house I said:

"Polly, no matter what occurs, there is no good reason why we should not remain fast friends and keep our own counsel—is there?"

"It would be great fun to keep one friend through thick and thin," she replied. "I should like to try it."

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"So you shall. But we mustn't do any acting; remember that."

We were too late to join the family at dinner, and partook of our meal *tête-à-tête*. Boylston had brought some letters for me which I found upon the table. I put them in my pocket and gave myself entirely to the pleasant task of convincing Polly that I had not lost my good humor. It was somewhat interfered with by "Mother," who presently joined us, and evinced considerable curiosity, in her discreet way, about our absence from the family dinner, and I thought was trying to make out through her spectacles what the exact condition of Polly's eyes was, at which that young lady turned on their electric vivacity on purpose to baffle her, and there ensued a very pretty little game of hunt the slipper between them, which I admired very much.

"Io," said Polly, "is out on the Rose Bench with Mr. Charlie, isn't she?"

"Is she?" said Mother meekly. "Why, Mr. Fancher is in the parlor talking to the Doctor."

"Oh, then they are waiting there on the Bench for him to bring the news of his interview," said Polly.

Before we had finished our meal and the candles were lighted, we heard Mr. Fancher ride away, and immediately after came the sound of the Doctor's tread on the afternoon porch, and then a cheery call to us to come out in the twilight.

I joined him, but Polly disappeared in another direction. We sat down there in the dying rose light, and he told me that Mr. Fancher had been to see him with regard to Io. "I guess," he said, "the matter will turn out all right so far as we are concerned."

"Did he make a formal proposal to you?"

"I suppose he thought it was a proposal, but it was more like a pronunciamento. I thanked him for his frankness, and told him I should do everything in my power to prevent it. He wanted to know if I had made other arrangements for the young lady. I told him I had. He said she was of age. I acknowledged it, but told him she was also under bonds. He seemed to think that he could exercise more authority with her than I could, and I believe we locked horns in a gentlemanly fashion about it. But he preserved his good humor, and to show that he had no resentment, invited my whole household up to their tournament at the Club House, and I, not to be outdone in civility, agreed to have my whole establishment there."

"Doctor," I said, "it seems to me that a great deal of time might be saved by ascertaining the young lady's views in the matter."

"My dear sir," replied the Doctor, "I have before mentioned the fact that the young lady has no views—merely impressions—and that is decidedly to our advantage; for, as I understand it, both you and I have decided views. Mr. Fancher asked me very bluntly if I objected to telling him in what respect I thought his success would be disadvantageous to the lady."

"Did you tell him?"

"I certainly did. I was not going to be outdone in candor by the fellow, so I told him that if he didn't tire of her in a year, she would of him. He merely smiled and thought that was a hasty conclusion. We shook hands and parted like two business men who intend to get the best of each other if they can."

"Perhaps, after all," I said, "the young people may be intended for each other, and it would be folly to interfere with them. Mr. Fancher is well fixed and moves in good society."

"Confound it," said the Doctor, "that sounds slightly pusillanimous to me. We had made up our minds as to the best course to pursue, and now you throw up your hands."

"But I don't see the case as clearly as you do. It may be easier to stave off Mr. Fancher than to lure on my son. You see, you have two young ladies in the house. I do not say that Miss Io is not the most resplendent in personal charms (and I felt a little twitch of reproach as I said it, and thought of Polly's wet violet eyes looking up into mine), but the other young lady is not destitute of attractions."

"What—Bob?" he exclaimed, and then went to the door and looked in to see that Bob was not anywhere about listening, and continued, "Bob doesn't figure in our calculations, and I don't intend that she shall. If she does, I'll pack her off to New York and let her earn her own living."

It was very evident from this speech that the Doctor had no part in Polly's intrigue, and from a sheer sense of pity for her, I felt reluctant to tell him of it, so I said:

"Our conclusions will be premature be-

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fore we ascertain which way the tide sets —I mean the current of young blood. I will have a serious talk with my son, and I would suggest that you pin Miss Io down to a confession, and then we can compare results."

The Doctor's reply showed very plainly that, sagacious as he was in most worldly affairs, he was no expert in dealing with love's young dream. He had made up his mind to a match between Miss Io and Charlie, and he regarded her in the matter as passive material quite incapable of seriously opposing his desires.

"It will not do," he said, "to let the natural currents have their own way, when a little guidance will bring them into the proper channel. I regard Mr. Fancher's bold declaration as an advantage. If your son has the slightest amount of spirit, it will awaken his opposition. It usually acts that way, and you will allow me to speak of your son as partaking of the common qualities of youth."

"Alas, yes," I said, "it was the common qualities of youth that brought me down here. At least I thought so."

"Then," said the Doctor, "having escaped from the snare, the best we can do is to regulate things with our good sense for the benefit of all parties. In my profession we learn soon enough that to guide and assist nature is the best plan. We cannot destroy the appetites, but we can steer them."

Considering all that Polly had said to me, this did not appear to be a very comfortable conclusion, and I got as far as to say, "But Polly, Doctor—" when he cut me short, as usual, with an idiom:

"Bob doesn't cut any ice. I reserve Bob for myself. I like to have her twitter and stick her bill into matters that she doesn't understand. The peculiar charm of such a woodpecker is that she doesn't require any serious attention."

After this conversation, which left me in somewhat of a dilemma, I was desirous of having a heart to heart talk with my son, and that night he came into my room just as I had pulled the letters from my pocket and laid them on the table. I came at him directly.

"Well, Comrade," I said, "I saw you on the Rose Bench with Miss Io—making love?"

He looked at me inquiringly. "Trying to do my duty," he said.

"Was it painful?"

"Well, no. I never found it very painful to carry out your wishes, and in this case it is rather pleasant. One must kill time somehow down here."

"Now look here, don't load your responsibility upon me. I never had any wishes in the matter that you were aware of."

He stood there looking at me with the same inquiring expression. Then he said:

"Hasn't Polly told you?"

"Yes. Polly has made a clean breast of it."

"I hope you treated her kindly. It wasn't her fault."

"No. It was yours. You at least were under obligations of confidence."

"I was the victim—innocent victim—of circumstances. They were your circumstances."

"Mine?"

"Why, yes. This was your trip, not mine. I was thinking of you in the whole matter. It seemed to me that you were about to sacrifice yourself."

I laughed somewhat derisively. "You are thinking of Madame Coldcream," I said. "Dismiss her, dismiss her. Let's talk about Miss Io—she's more to the point."

"Have you dismissed Madame Coldcream?"

"My boy, look here—if I dismiss Madame Coldcream, will you dismiss Polly?"

"Good heavens, Governor, that sounds as if you had made up your mind to substitute Polly for Madame Coldcream!"

"Don't be frivolous," I said, with an effort to be stern. "Try and tell me exactly what your attitude is in this matter."

"I think it is one of filial obedience," and he turned his back on me as he said it. "I try to adapt myself to your views, but they change so confoundedly that it is becoming difficult."

This aggravated me a little, coming from a youngster who was ready at the slightest provocation to give up one woman for another.

"Change!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that I would make love to one estimable young lady to-day and make love to another estimable young lady to-morrow, because some one desired it? You must have a pitiable notion of my stability of character."

"Look here, Governor, it isn't a fair comparison. You haven't a father."

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"What has that to do with it?"

"Oh, a great deal. You ought to look at the thing practically. You certainly gave me to understand that you intended to marry Madame Coldcream, because she was such a good manager of financial affairs and had such a nice son who wanted money. Well, of course, that put a different face on my affairs. I couldn't marry a poor girl, and I had to look out for one with an income to accommodate you and Madame Coldcream and her son. When I do my best to adapt myself, you change your mind with regard to marrying Madame Coldcream. You will pardon me, there wasn't much rhyme or reason in your choice, and there seems to be less in your change of mind."

"Madame Coldcream was a mere fantasy," I exclaimed; "and you cannot use that respectable lady as an excuse. We can dismiss her, but can you dismiss Polly without a pang? Are you, then, one of those heartless men who trifle with a girl's affections and throw them aside at any caprice?"

"You will have to make some allowance for me, Dad. I never had but one example set before me."

"Let us stick to the really important matter in hand, which is Miss Io. Did you know that Mr. Fancher had made an avowal to the Doctor?"

"Oh, yes. Io told me."

"Then she knew it. What did she say about it?"

"I don't remember that she said anything definite. She seemed to regard it as quite the regular course of affairs. Mr. Fancher is the fifth or sixth. I suppose these things lose their edge in time."

"Suppose Mr. Fancher gets her."

"Well, then, I suppose I can change my views without any recreancy, seeing that it would be a matter of convenience."

"But have you no blood, no passion, no youthful fire—not a single emotion? What the deuce are you yawning for?"

"To tell you the truth, I'm a little tired and sleepy. You will pardon me, Dad, but the sudden disappearance of Madame Coldcream leaves me a little limp."

"Very well," I said, with a strong effort at sternness, "go to bed. But to-morrow I expect you to bring Polly and let me talk to the two of you, and stop this disgraceful business somehow. And I don't want to hear any more about Madame Coldcream. Good night. I am going to read my letters."

"Good night, Dad," he said; and, coming up behind me, he put his arm familiarly round my neck and added, "we were awfully jolly in our New York quarters before Madame Coldcream and the rest of them interfered with us. Suppose we go back."

"No, sir," I said, bringing my fist down on the table to preserve the air of grimness. "No, sir—we stay here and fight it out. Good night."

I settled down in my chair and opened the first letter. It was from my half-sister, Mrs. Petunia Dewey, and this is what it said:

"*My Dear Rufus:*

I have not heard a word from you and do not know which of you has taken the best care of the other. But I have a surprise for you which, I think, will gladden your *blasé* heart. I have received an invitation from our old friend, Mr. Berwick Fancher, to come down to the annual Tournament of the Game Club, and I have invited Madame Coldcream to join me. By the way, I have told her of your admiration, and I think you will find the way made quite smooth for you when she arrives, for she promised to accompany me, and I have written to the Doctor by this mail informing him of our visit, with a request to wire us if his accommodations are not ample. I trust, my dear Rufus, that you will make the most of this visit, for the more I think of it the more I am satisfied that both you and your son need a practical woman at the head of affairs, and I have done all that can be done to pave the way.

Affectionately yours,
PETUNIA DEWEY."

(*To be continued.*)

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GREAT BIRD ROCK AT EVENING.

The southernmost fortress of the feathered Cliff-Dwellers, Magdalen Islands.

MODERN CLIFF-DWELLERS.

GANNETS, MURRES, AUKS, PUFFINS, KITTIWAKES, ETC.

By Herbert K. Job.

With Illustrations from Photographs from Life, by the Author, and, where noted, by Others.

[These photographs are a most extraordinary achievement in the new art of depicting nature and her bird and animal children. In Dakota, the far Magdalen Islands, and along the Maine coast, as well as at his Connecticut home, Mr. Job has secured, with infinite patience and ingenuity, the most surprising series of wild-fowl pictures, revealing facts as to the breeding habits of these shy birds which have never before been chronicled. His address and pictures created a real sensation at the recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' Union; and Audubon, the great pioneer, would have marvelled at this pen-and-camera presentation of no less than twenty species of wild-fowl in their native haunts. "Modern Cliff-Dwellers" will be followed by "Ocean Wanderers," completing a notable series of articles on Water-fowl, published consecutively in this Magazine.—Editor.]

ONE by one, retiring like an army of heroes from a well-fought but unequal battle, the Murres and their allies have yielded up fortress after fortress along our coast as the encroachments of man have pushed their breeding-grounds farther and farther toward the wilds of the North. The time was when they occupied the rocks off Boston Harbor, and swarmed upon the islands of the New England coast. But this was long ago. Only the Black Guillemots maintain themselves as far south as the islands of the coast of Maine by hiding their eggs under forbidding bowlders, as also do a very few Puffins at Matinicus Rock, and Razor-billed Auks at Grand Manan. I had hoped to find better conditions existing in Nova Scotia; but, wherever I went the story was repeated, that within the last few years the birds had ceased to nest.

Inquiry revealed the fact that the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are now practically the southernmost stronghold of these interesting and elusive birds. So, in June, a year ago, I started for the Magdalen Islands, accompanied by a congenial bird-lover. A day's journey brought us to Pictou, Nova Scotia, whence we embarked in the weekly steamer upon the then calm waters of the often turbulent Gulf of St. Lawrence. Early next morning Amherst Island, sparkling in the sunshine, came into view. We stayed at Grindstone Island a day and night, and then went on to Grand Entry, which consists of a cluster of fish-houses and

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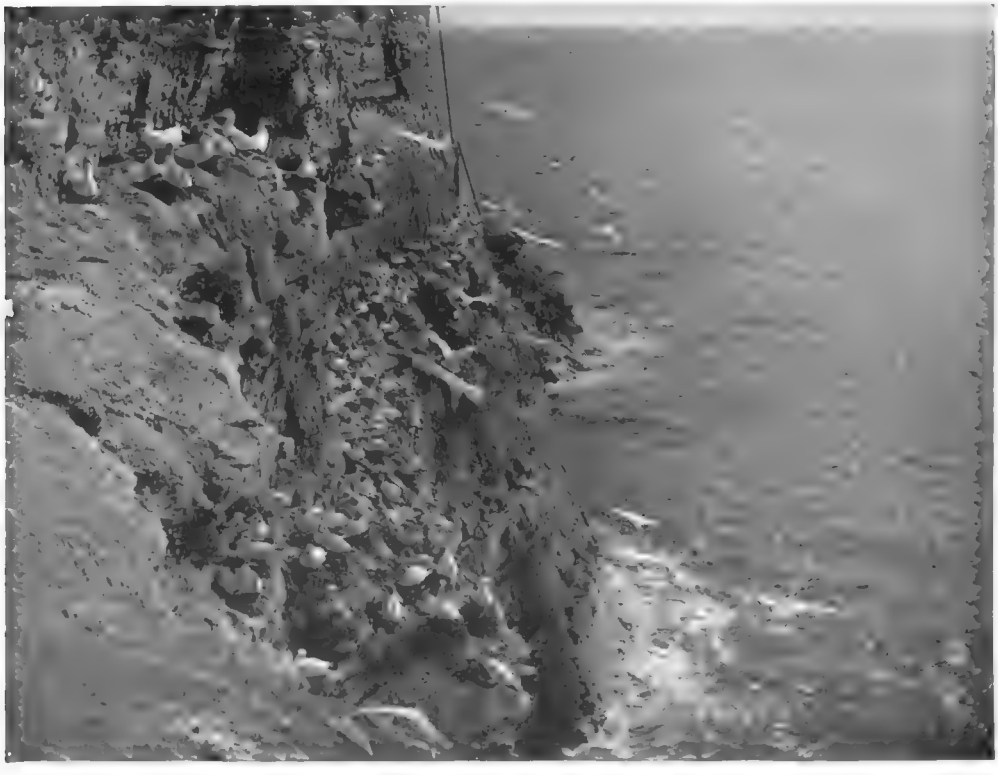
other buildings out at the end of a sand-bar, where was the only wharf on the islands to which the steamer could come. Boats had gathered from far and near for the arrival of the weekly mail, and the crowd of bronzed, eager faces on the wharf made an animated scene.

One of these fishermen had come to meet us, by previous appointment, and with him we sailed in his small sprit-sail boat up the bay and to the head of a lagoon, where we landed upon a beach strewn with walrus bones and an occasional battered round musket-ball, relics of slaughter from more than a century ago. A short walk along a sandy path through low spruces brought us to our destination—a plain, weather-beaten house overlooking the open sea, on the southeast point of Coffin Island, accessible to the famous East Point ponds and marshes, and to Bird Rocks, the great fortress of the feathered cliff-dwellers. After an interesting week spent among the water-birds of these ponds, the day arrived for our embarkation for the Bird Rocks. Weeks before we had made arrangements with the captain of a small schooner to land us on the Great Bird Rock on June 21st, and call for us after four days, as well as with the keeper of the Bird Rock light for entertainment.

The day was unpromising. Clouds were threatening; a fog-bank hung off at sea; and the wind, strong from the southeast, covered the ocean expanse with white-caps. About ten o'clock, when we had given up hope of starting that day, the schooner was sighted off to the westward. In half an hour she had rounded the point and "hove to" off the beach. We got two French fishermen to launch their seine-boat and set us aboard. It was no easy matter; but finally we got out through the breakers without a wetting, and managed to tumble up on the plunging vessel.

Following along shore for an hour or so, we then sped out into the open sea toward the invisible rock that lay sixteen miles to the north. Soon we approached the off-lying fog-bank, and the "gray walls" shut in thick and chill around us. After two hours or more the captain thought that



NESTING SITE OF GANNETS, NORTHWEST END OF BIRD ROCK.

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Photograph by C. S. Day.

BIRD ROCK. PART OF WEST SIDE.

we must be getting near the Rock. Large flocks of birds began to appear, and we strained our ears for the clamor of the colony and the roaring of the surf. Suddenly the fog began to lift—a sign of land. Soon we could see the blue overhead, and then, just as our look-out uttered a joyous shout, we saw an apparition of red and gray cliffs, and Great Bird Rock emerged from the mist like a grim fortress, less than half a mile away. On top of the precipice that rose sheer from the ocean were a lighthouse and other buildings; along its sides were lines of black and white that I knew were birds upon their nests.

Flying before the wind, the Rock seemed to rise right upon us. The air was now clear, and the sun bright. Gannets, Kittiwakes, Murres, Auks, and Puffins were passing and repassing about us, flying to and from the cliffs. Then we rounded the northeast corner of the Rock, about a gunshot out from it, looking up in amazement at the swarms of birds that almost filled the air, or clustered in masses upon the narrow ledges of the cliff.

Our approach was noted from the lighthouse above. The British ensign flying from the top of the flagstaff was dipped in our honor, and sharp rose the crash of the dynamite bomb salute. We both took snapshots of the cliff; then, after the anchor had been dropped, hurried into the dory, where our baggage had already been put, and were rowed shoreward.

On the left was a series of ladders spiked to the rock, by which one could climb up the over one hundred feet of cliff, and here by the boat was the famous "crate," a little open box or platform, with slab sides about waist-high. Into this we put our baggage and then climbed in ourselves. The crank above began to turn, and we swung clear of the ground. This was the ordeal which in time past I had somewhat dreaded, but which now seemed the pleasantest and most natural thing in the world. Before we realized it we were well up from the beach, which looked very small and far-away, when, at length, I ventured a downward glance. We were only some ten feet or so from the cliff, and passing close to the birds. In five minutes we rose in sight of the greensward at the top, and saw two

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GANNETS AND MURRES NESTING.
(Looking down.)

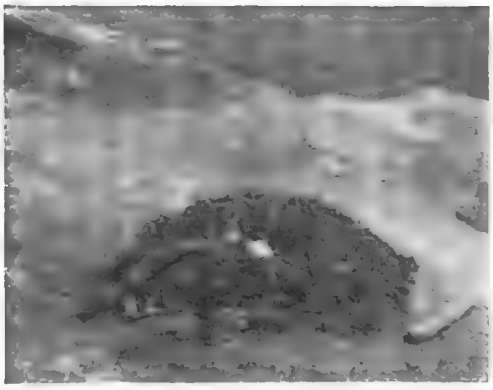
men and two women laboring at the crank, the latter with flushed faces. Then they swung the derrick-arm in over the land, where we got out to meet the keeper, Captain Peter Bourque, who gave us a most royal welcome.

The sun was bright, so presently my friend and I took our cameras and started forth to view this new world of bird-life. There was the schooner already sailing away, and North Bird Rock out beyond, nearly a mile to the westward, appearing as two separate crags, both of them white on top with brooding Gannets. Then we looked directly down over the edge of the cliff, and stood

GANNETS NESTING.

entranced at the sight. It was indeed one of life and motion, for a throng of birds filled the air, ceaselessly passing and repassing. Some were leaving their nests, to scale down and out over the water. Others swung up from the ocean level, to alight each in its proper niche. Others passed by us within a few feet, but none flew over the land. Years ago the birds occupied the whole level area of greensward on top, which I should think is about three hundred yards long and half as wide. Now, however, since the building of the lighthouse, they recognize the fact that man has the ascendency.

There was no cessation in the passing throng, any more than there is in business hours on the principal street of a large city. It was a constant habit for birds to



NEST OF GANNET, NORTH BIRD ROCK.

act as though they were about to alight, hovering slightly as they passed some convenient crag, even extending their feet, but then they would decide to pass on, and would scale down again out over the ocean.

It seemed impossible not to follow the birds with the eye, and the result at first was to produce slight dizziness and headache, almost "sea-sickness." And then, too, until one gets accustomed to it, it is a strain upon the nerves to be ever on guard against taking a single careless step and falling off the cliff.

Puffins, Murres, and Razor-bills often gathered in groups on the rocks at the top of the cliff, but always at the very edge. They were not shy, and would let one approach within about twenty feet before taking to flight. Now and then a Gannet would perch at the top, but not for long,

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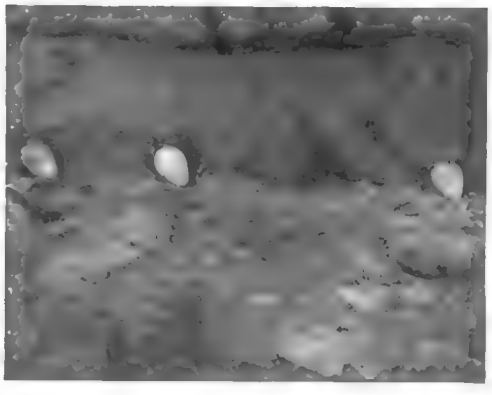
and it was still rarer to see a Kittiwake in such a position. Both these species, for the most part, nested well down from the top, but I soon noticed a group of Gannets only about fifteen feet down; and this was one of the first subjects for the camera. A single one, quite approachable both as to disposition and location, had a nest hardly five feet from the top.

At length, in our tour of investigation, we came around to the southeast end of the island, where the Puffins breed. The ground here was rather less grassy, rough, with rock cropping out. Here and there were holes in the ground—the entrances to the burrows of the Puffins—which most often led in under some flat rock. Groups of Puffins were congregated upon several projecting rocks at the edge of the cliff, and now and then an incubating bird would scurry out from a hole, as we approached, and fly off. Here the cliff was only about eighty feet high—the lowest part of the island—with a series of comparatively broad ledges, which one could reach successively by several iron ladders. It did not seem as formidable as on the other side, and we both made the descent to the lowest ledge, about fifteen or twenty feet above the water. Now and then we startled an Auk from its egg in some recess or under some projection of the rock. As this was the most accessible part of the cliff, many eggs had been gathered from these ledges, and there were not as many here as elsewhere, where they could not be reached. However, as we climbed down to the bottom ledge, we came upon a fine crowded line of Murres, each sitting on its single egg laid on the bare rock, close in under the overhanging cliff. They all left their eggs pell-mell when they saw that we were really coming down to them. The suddenness with which they flew started one or two of the eggs rolling, and then I saw a practical illustration of the wisdom of the plan of nature which has made the eggs of these birds pear-shaped. Instead of rolling off the ledge, they simply turned around on their axis, only moving a few inches from their place. The shells, too, are so hard that they can withstand a great deal of hard usage.

After inspecting these interesting sights, we climbed back to the top. Then we turned our attention to the east side of the island. Although considerable numbers of birds were nesting on these ledges, there were certainly not as many as on the west side. There is, on the east side, another hoisting apparatus, for use when the wind drives the surf against the west wall, though, as there is no beach here, only a shelf of rock, the landing is even more precarious. Then we came to the north side—the highest part of the island—considerably over one hundred feet. Here was another descent by ladder, and the invitation was given me to go down to a fine Gannet colony. I accepted it, and followed my guide, the keeper, not without considerable trepidation, down two ladders, about half-way down the precipice. Here it was necessary to walk along a narrow ledge, barely wide enough for one's feet, for about fifty yards, ere we could reach a broad, safe promontory at the corner of the island. At first it seemed like courting a violent death to follow that straight and narrow way along the

BRUNNICH'S MURRE INCUBATING.



NESTING SITE OF MURRES, SHOWING THEIR EGGS.

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verge of destruction; but assured by the keeper, and steadying myself by his big, brawny fist held out behind him, I passed safely through the ordeal, and breathed more freely when we reached the projection, where we could view two sides of the cliff.

Upon the continuation of the same ledge, around the corner, was a splendid array of Gannets upon their nests. The nearest were only about ten feet off. A few of them flew as I crawled out to their nests, but the rest sat indifferent, knowing that the ledge sloped so much that no man would have the hardihood to reach them. The great creatures were going and coming, some of them bringing bunches of seaweed in their bills to repair their nests, perhaps pillaged of material by their neighbors. Each had its single very large dirty-white egg, usually in a fairly snug nest of weed, but occasionally the egg was upon the bare rock. Probably the lining was to be added later.

Then retracing our steps along the perilous path, we returned to the house. After supper I arranged quarters in the cellar for developing plates, and went to work on those I had exposed during the afternoon. As the darkness gathered, even indoors I could hear one sort of bird-note, all the other members of the colony having (apparently) relapsed into silence and slumber for the night. It was a funny little twittering or chattering, that seemed to come from all directions, and I recognized, from descriptions, the song—it almost deserves that name—of the Leach's Petrel. They evidently were flying about, and, after my work was done, I went out to investigate. It was pitch dark, however, and I could see nothing of them.

Photograph by C. S. Day.

"THE CITY OF BIRDS."

The next morning passed pleasantly and profitably in further study of the birds, especially the Murres. There were two kinds, the Common and the Brunnich's, in about equal abundance. The two were mixed in on the ledges indiscriminately. A

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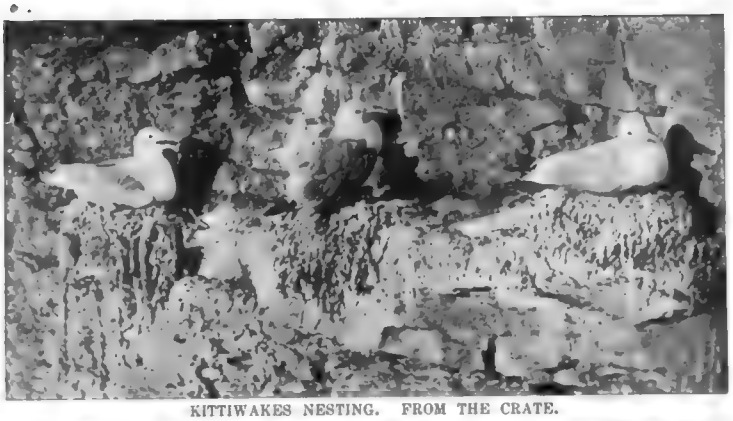
Common Murre sitting on its egg was just as likely to have for its next neighbor one of the other species as an individual of its own kind; and the only way to get identified eggs was to watch a ledge, note the order of the species as they sat upon the eggs, then mark the eggs as they were taken. In addition to the above, there are a few individuals of the type once made distinct as the Ringed Murre, distinguished by a white line running back from behind the eye. Naturalists are in doubt as to whether or not this is a valid species, and, if not, how to account for this aberration.

We also investigated the nesting of the Puffins. Securing a pickaxe, by hard toil we managed to dig out several burrows. Each was from one to two yards in length, ending in a larger chamber, where the one dirty-white egg was laid in a slight bed of grass and feathers. The soil is largely the *débris* of red sandstone, which, we found, gives to some of the eggs a reddish stain rather hard to remove.

Of course during the day the camera was made good use of. After taking some more general views, I began the attempt to photograph birds on the rocks at close range. The south-



KITTIWAKES NESTING. FROM THE CRATE.

MURRES AND KITTIWAKES NESTING. FROM THE CRATE.

GANNETS AND MURRES, BIRD ROCK.

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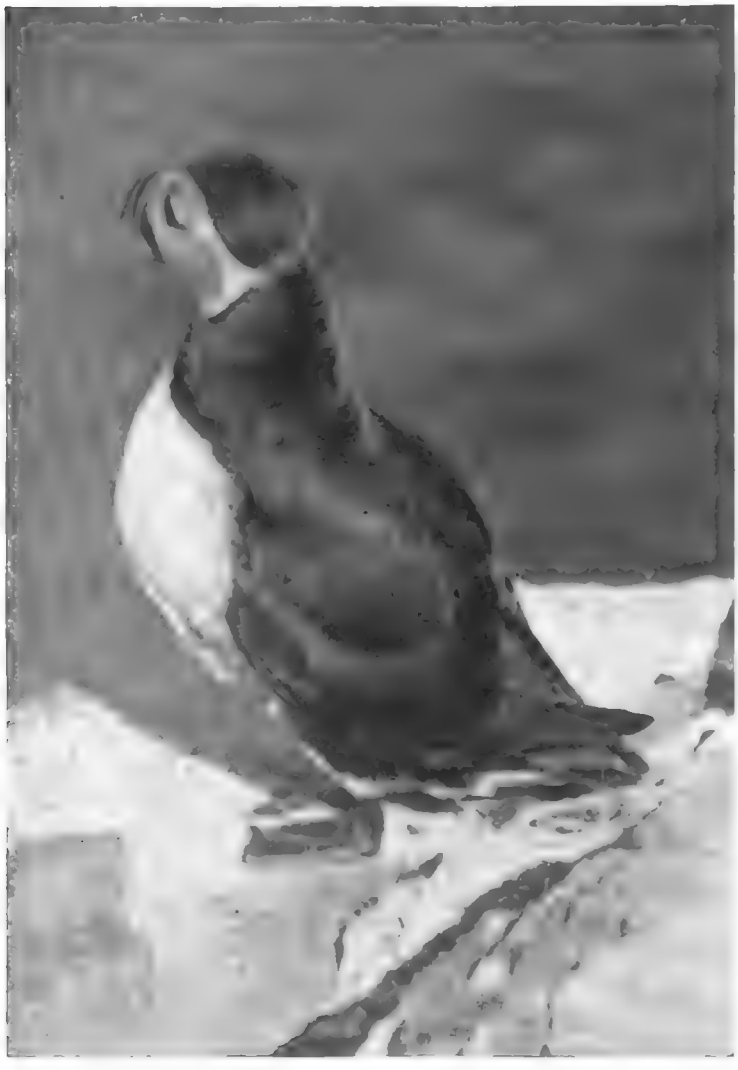
east end Puffin ground seemed to be the best place for this, where Puffins, Murres, and Auks gathered at the top of the cliff. First I noticed one rock where the Puffins frequently alit, and set the camera on the ground, focusing it on this spot. Then I withdrew with the end of the long tube, and lay down on the ground fifty feet away. Presently a Puffin alit right in front of the camera, then another. I made several exposures on Puffins, then removed the instrument to another rock, where I secured some close shots at Murres and Auks. After that I aimed at a whole crag on which all these birds gathered in a larger group, and made several exposures on them.



PUFFIN.

I was interested in watching the Gannets in their relations one with the other; and it seemed to me that they were the most quarrelsome of all the Cliff-Dwellers, though, for the most part, they were peaceable enough. At times I saw groups of them huddled together in very friendly fashion; some of them, probably mates, caressing one another with their bills. Yet frequently there were manifestations of displeasure and hostility. One instance was especially curious. I saw a Gannet plunge into the water from mid-air, and come to the surface with a fish or eel. Another at once laid hold on the prize, and there followed a long tug of war. I purposed seeing the affair through, but as after ten minutes they seemed no nearer to a finish than at first, I gave it up.

At one point, as I was looking directly down over the cliff, I saw, on a ledge close down by the water, a strange new denizen, sitting solitary and disconsolate. It was a common Bittern, lost and evidently feeling utterly out of place, seemingly dazed and noticing nothing that was going on. It would not move, though I threw stones and gravel at it till I was tired. Such wandering, however, is nothing uncommon. Many birds of various sorts land here in their flight, exhausted, bewildered, or driven by storms.

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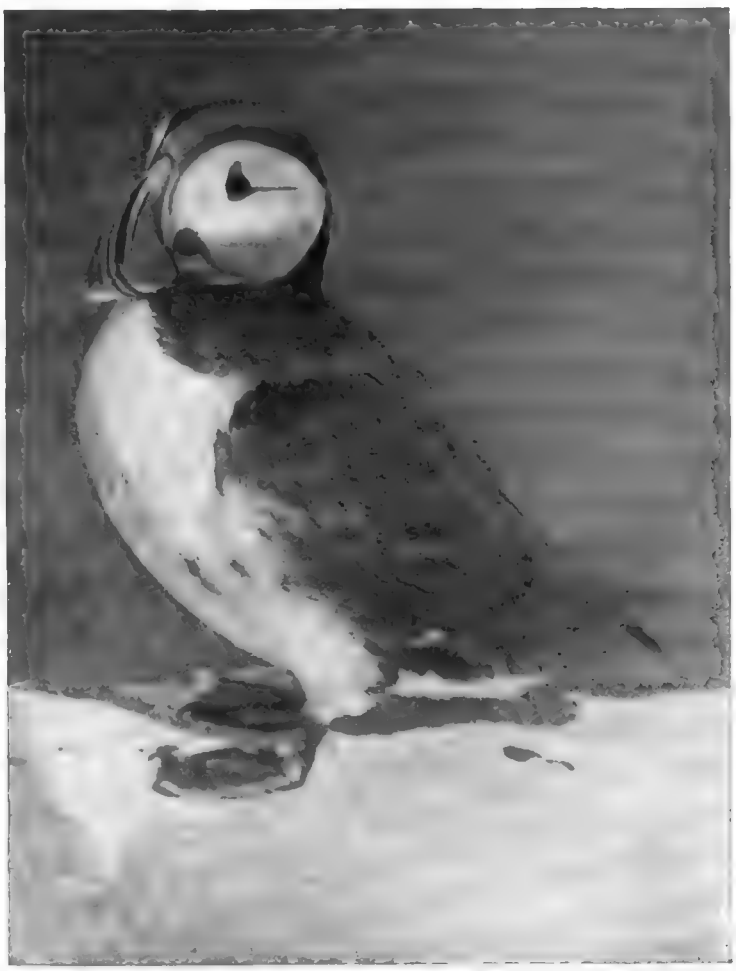
It was interesting to hear the keeper tell about the birds. After the breeding-season they all scatter, and very few feathered creatures are seen during the long winter but files of hardy Ducks, like the Eiders, as they fly along the lanes in the drift-ice. What an experience it must be to remain isolated from the world, in all those bitter, fearful storms, beyond human help for months at a time. No wonder these brave and hardy people rejoice over the return of the birds in the spring.

Saturday, the 23d of June, dawned a perfect day. After breakfast we started out on a trip to North Bird Rock, as the sea was smooth, and all conditions favorable. The rock is in two parts. The main part, occupying hardly more than an acre of space, begins with a few low ledges, then rises up precipitously about forty feet. The top was covered white with Gannets on their nests, as was the other part. This is called the "Pillar," or "Pinnacle," a most interesting formation, consisting of a perpendicular column of rock rising sheer out of the water some sixty or seventy feet, and, I should think, absolutely unclimbable.



PUFFIN.

There is no beach to these rocks, and the sea, comparatively calm as it was, rushed upon the ledges with considerable violence. Awaiting a good chance, we ran our boat on to a flat rock and jumped out. First we both took pictures of the Pinnacle, then we undertook to scale the cliff. Kittiwakes had nests here and there on the sides, a few of them within reach by a little climbing. Fortunately there were ledges and projections not far apart. We let young Bourque climb up first, using my shoulders for a ladder, and had him pull us up. Thus we reached ledge after ledge, until we were safely landed on the top. This we found to consist of perfectly bare flat rock, covered with nests of the Gannets about a yard apart all over the area. They were made of piles of seaweed, more or less bulky, and most of them were empty.

I selected one of the nests to photograph —a good large one with an egg in it, and a sizable fish laid up on the edge for future use. Just then the keeper called out from below, "Gentlemen, we must leave; there's a squall coming!" Looking toward the west and north, I saw a threatening haze

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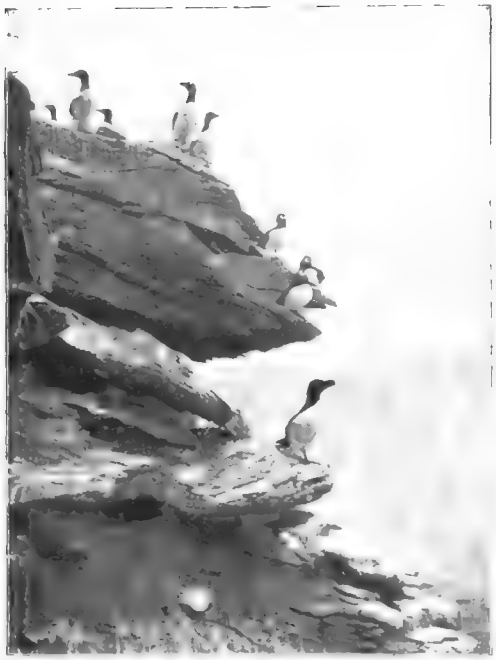

GROUP OF COMMON MURRES, PUFFINS, AND A RAZOR-BILLED AUK.

and an evident line of wind, shown by a whitened sea. I got the nest taken, and then, without stopping to examine further, we made the descent, lowering one another from ledge to ledge. Then I rushed around to the other side of the island, where I could see what I named "the Rift." It was as though the island had at some time cracked apart, leaving an opening a few rods across, with perpendicular sides that furnished nesting-places for a number of Kittiwakes. The sea evidently washes through this rift at times, though now one could walk across. I got time for one picture of it and another of the Pinnacle, before the keeper protested that I *must* come, and fairly dragged me into the boat. The wind was rising and the sea increasing. We got back to Great Bird Rock, however, before the squall finally came.

One of the most interesting episodes during our stay was the descent in the crate to photograph the birds nesting on the adjacent wall of the cliff. This west side of the island was under the full glare of the afternoon sun, splendid for instantaneous exposures. I got into the crate, with plenty

GROUP OF COMMON MURRES.

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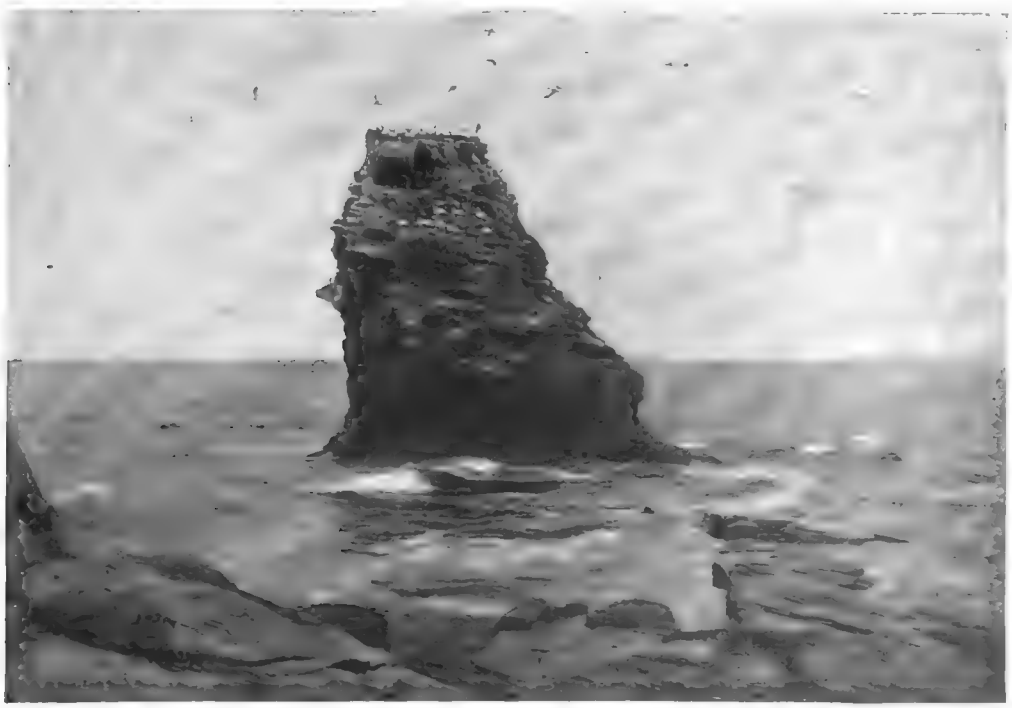
of plates, and was swung out and lowered. All about were many interesting subjects, especially Kittiwakes, that I had found no opportunity to photograph before; also groups of Murres, and off to one side some fine Gannet ledges, with long arrays of the great, snowy birds. The best subject was a mass of Murres of both kinds on their eggs, and just below them three Kittiwakes on their nests. When the crate was opposite some good subject I shouted to have it stopped, held the camera on the little railing, and got the exact focus of the birds, which did not appear to mind my presence particularly, though they kept uttering their notes, and now and then one would leave, almost always to return. Then I put in the plate and made ready, placing the camera in the same position on the railing, and making instantaneous exposures. The crate kept turning around, but so slowly that it made no difference, the view-finder of the camera giving the exact range. Thus I was lowered successively from ledge to ledge, swinging off in mid-air, till I had photographed everything within useful range, when I signalled to be drawn up. There were no birds nesting close to the other hoisting apparatus, or I should have made a descent there, too.

Thus the days were spent—exploring and photographing, in all kinds of weather and under many difficulties. Then on the following Monday, early in the afternoon, the schooner which was to take us back to civilization hove in sight, greatly to our regret, I own, for our visit had been most interesting and memorable.

Soon the dory landed, and, bidding our friends good-by, bag and baggage we were lowered down in the crate. I photographed the crate, and then the cliffs and the hoisting apparatus as seen from the dory. Soon we were on board the schooner, and were scudding rapidly southward with free sheets, many of the birds following us in farewell salute, while other salutations came through bomb and flag, and we waved back expressions of our friendly feelings for the brave spirits imprisoned upon that grim, lonely rock.

To complete our study of the Cliff-Dwellers at the Magdalen Islands, several species that did not breed at Bird Rock had to be followed up. One was the Cormorant, that near relative of the Gannet, which differs from it, in color, about as darkness from light.



THE "PILLAR," OR "PINNACLE." NORTH BIRD ROCK.

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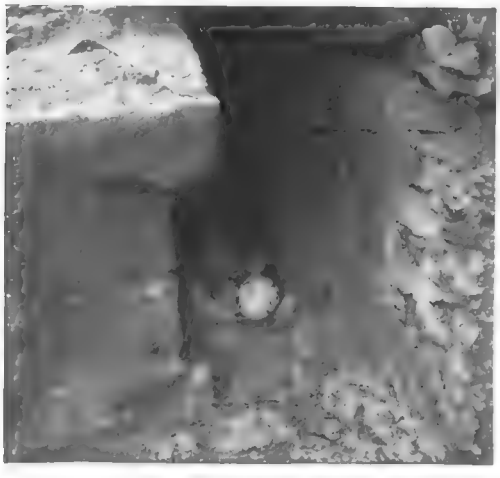
RAZOR-BILLED AUKS.

Evidently they were not plenty, for all we saw were an occasional one or two flying over the bay inside Grand Entry, usually headed toward Shag Rock.

There were still the Black Guillemot and Raven to be investigated, and not far from our headquarters was a most picturesque place where both were found. This is a tremendous headland and cliff that fronts on the inside bay well up toward its head near East Point, known as "East Cape." One can walk up a steep grassy slope in the rear, and then look over a perpendicular cliff some two hundred feet high.

As we approached it the first time, in a boat, a flock of nearly twenty Ravens rose and hovered over the summit, startled from their nests or roosts on the ledges, and flew away when they saw that we intended to land. The *débris* from the cliff came to the water's edge and made it a very rough spot for disembarking. But, having an off-shore wind, we luffed the boat up near enough to leap out. Black Guillemots, hearing our voices, began to fly out from holes high up above us, to settle well out in the water. By clapping our hands and shouting, we started a number more. Then, despite the frequently falling fragments, we climbed up the pile of loose rocks that sloped at a steep incline of more than forty-five degrees, and got about half-way up the cliff. There we could see a number of the nests of the Raven—platforms of crooked sticks—placed on ledges of the rock or at the entrance of small caves.



TYPICAL NESTING SITE OF RAZOR-BILLED AUK.

Though Ravens and Black Guillemots abound in the very far North, I do not know where they can be more easily and safely observed than on our own coast of Maine. Here their Mecca are the islands of Penobscot Bay, and they are accessible without risking one's life on the terrible cliffs of the northern seas. For want of such cliffs, where a nest is practically safe, the Raven considers a spruce tree amid the thick forests of the lonely islets as the likeliest shelter. Here many of them breed, and likewise on various spruce-grown islands of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

As for the Black Guillemots, on many a rocky islet there is a small colony of them,

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of from two or three pairs up to thirty or more. To one such, near Matinicus, I have often been. It is a low-lying strip, a couple of hundred yards long and rather narrow, composed almost wholly of round stones and bowlders heaped together in wild confusion. Sometimes I have rowed there in a fog, by compass; again under clear skies, with calm summer sea. As we approach, it is usual to see about thirty birds, some of them in the water just off the island, others sitting on the rocks, conspicuous with their deep green-black bodies and the large white patch on each wing. Watching a chance, we run the boat up on a flat ledge and haul it well out. The Guillemots fly—all that are in sight; but there are nearly as many more in under the rocks upon their nests, if our visit is within a month after the middle of June, at about which date the eggs are laid.

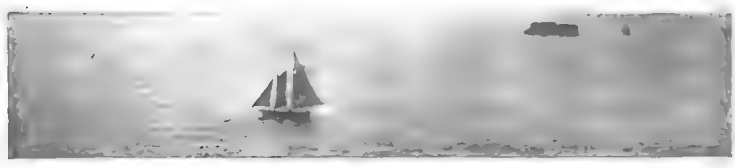
Now comes the awkward and possibly painful part of the procedure, if we would see their beautiful eggs—selecting a hole under some rock, particularly if there be droppings about the entrance, to get down flat on one's face and try to look in. It may require many attempts of this kind before a discovery quickens the pulse. Knees are bruised, the back is tired, and the neck is lamed. It seems as though there were a million stones to look under, and even thirty nests among them seem discouragingly few. But success is bound to follow.

There is also a nice colony of some seventy-five pairs or more of these birds, along with many hundreds of the Arctic Tern, on "Matinicus Rock."

After the breeding-season, the various Cliff-Dwellers leave their summer haunts and scatter over the ocean, yet keeping mostly "on soundings." By the latter part of September, or early October, lines of Cormorants, with slow, measured flight, begin to wing their way along the southern New England coast, even flying over the land.

It is late in the fall, about the 1st of November, before the Murres and their allies stray as far from their northern haunts as the Massachusetts coast, beyond which not very many of them ordinarily are supposed to go, except as they are driven by severe northerly gales. They are hardy creatures, little inclined to migrate from the latitude of their breeding-grounds, save as the closing in of the ice makes it expedient. Most of them keep well out to sea, especially frequenting the shoals and banks where fish are abundant. If the season is mild and devoid of severe gales, they keep well to the north. In very wintry weather they come in around the mouths of harbors.

From the standpoint of many, winter is an uncomfortable time for wandering on sea and shore in search of the birds. It is, however, the best season of the year to find certain sea-birds. There are few indeed in summer, as compared with the ever-changing panorama of fowl that wing their way over the unutterable wildness of ice-bound bay and restless wintry sea. No doubt, a considerable degree of discomfort will have to be undergone; but, despite this, as the desire grows for more of this interesting bird lore, we may expect that it will lead us to visit mountain and forest and shore, even the wintry ocean itself, whenever and wherever the wildest of the feathered tribes are to be found.



VIEW OF NORTH BIRD ROCK FROM TOP OF GREAT BIRD ROCK.

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SEE the robin's breast aglow
As on the lawn he seeks his game;
His cap a darker hue doth show,
His bill a yellow flame.

Now in the elm tops see the swarm
Of swelling buds like bees in May;
The maples, too, have tints blood warm
And willows show a golden ray.

In sunny woods the mould makes room
For liver leaf to ope her eye;
A tiny firmament of bloom
With stars upon a mimic sky.

Now from the hive go voyaging bees,
Cruising far each sunny hour;
Scenting sap 'mid maple trees,
Or sifting bread from sawdust flour.

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By John Burroughs.

Now in the marsh a chorus shrill
  Of piping frogs swells in the night;
While meadow-lark shows flashing quill
  As o'er brown fields she takes her flight.

Now sluggish turtles leave the mud
  With suit and armor painted new.
And timid newts of torpid blood
  Are creeping forth with pallid hue.

Now screaming hawks above the wood
  And sparrows red on bushy banks;
While starlings gossip life is good
  And grackles pass in sable ranks.

The rye fields show a tender hue
  Of fresh'ning green amid the brown,
And pussy willows clad anew
  Along the brook, in silver down.

The purple finch hath found his tongue,
  Hark, from the elm tree what a burst!
Now once again all things are young,
  Renewed by Love as at the first.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,

Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

From a photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

The Characteristics of the Colored Leader who has shown the Way to solve the Hardest Problem of our National Life.

By Walter H. Page,
Editor of "The World's Work."

Let us praise good men while they live, for after they are dead we cannot pay them any debts of gratitude.

IN a company of half a dozen men of wide experience in life, among them a merchant, a financier, the manager of a large corporation, and a man of letters, the conversation lately turned on living great men in the United States. Many interesting observations had been made about men of noteworthy success and of strong personalities, when one of the company said:

"'Great' is too vague a phrase. But I think that Mr. Booker T. Washington is the most *useful* citizen of the Republic. He has done several things of historical value. He has proved the constructive and executive ability of the Negro in a large way; he has worked out a successful plan for the building-up of his race; and he has done more to remove race-friction in the South than any other man of his generation."

And another added:

"He is not a learned man, of course, in any academic sense, but I am disposed to think that he is the wisest man I know. By wisdom I mean the quality that enables him to see a subject on many sides at once, and unerringly to subordinate a temporary advantage to a large purpose. He has unmeasured patience, as he has proved by dealing successfully with the largest social forces. I should put as great confidence in his judgment of men as in any other man's that I ever knew."

And the whole company agreed that he was, perhaps, the most useful man now living in the United States.

A SUCCESSION OF TRAINERS OF YOUTH: MARK HOPKINS, SAMUEL ARMSTRONG, BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

THE details of his early life, as frankly set down in "Up from Slavery," do not give quite a whole view of Mr. Washington's education. He had the training that a colored youth receives at Hampton, which, indeed, the autobiography does explain. But the reader does not get his intellectual pedigree, for Mr. Washington himself, perhaps, does not so clearly understand it as another man might. The truth is he had a training during the most impressionable period of his life that was very extraordinary; such a training as few men of his generation have had. To see its full meaning one must start in the Hawaiian Islands half a century or more ago.* There Samuel Armstrong, a youth of missionary parents, earned enough money to pay his expenses at an American college. Equipped with this small sum and the earnestness that the undertaking implied, he came to Williams College when Dr. Mark Hopkins was president. Williams College had many good things for youth in that day, as it has in this, but the greatest was the strong personality of its famous president. Every student does not profit by a great teacher; but perhaps no young man ever came under the influence of Dr. Hopkins whose whole nature was so ripe for profit by such an experience as young Armstrong. He lived in the family of President Hopkins, and thus had a training that was wholly out of the common; and this training had much to do with the development of his own strong character, whose originality and force we are only beginning to appreciate.

In turn, Samuel Armstrong, the founder of Hampton Institute, began his work as a trainer of youth. He had very raw material, and doubtless most of his pupils failed to get the greatest lessons from him; but,

* For this interesting view of Mr. Washington's education, I am indebted to Robert C. Ogden, Esq., chairman of the Board of Trustees of Hampton Institute and the intimate friend of General Armstrong during the whole period of his educational work.

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as he had been a peculiarly receptive pupil of Dr. Hopkins, so Booker Washington became a peculiarly receptive pupil of his. To the formation of Mr. Washington's character, then, went the missionary zeal of New England, influenced by one of the strongest personalities in modern education, and the wide-reaching moral earnestness of General Armstrong himself. These influences are easily recognizable in Mr. Washington to-day by men who knew Dr. Hopkins and General Armstrong.

"A NEW KIND OF MAN IN THE COLORED WORLD."

I GOT the cue to Mr. Washington's character from a very simple incident many years ago. I had never seen him, and I knew little about him, except that he was the head of a school at Tuskegee, Alabama. I had occasion to write to him, and I addressed him as "The Rev. Booker T. Washington." In his reply there was no mention of my addressing him as a clergyman. But when I had occasion to write to him again, and persisted in making him a preacher, his second letter brought a postscript: "I have no claim to 'Rev.'" I knew most of the colored men who at that time had become prominent as leaders of their race, but I had not then known one who was neither a politician nor a preacher; and I had not heard of the head of an important colored school who was not a preacher. "A new kind of man in the colored world," I said to myself —"a new kind of man surely if he looks upon his task as an economic one instead of a theological one." I wrote him an apology for mistaking him for a preacher.

THE VOICE OF THE NEGRO STRUGGLING UPWARD.

THE first time that I went to Tuskegee I was asked to make an address to the school on Sunday evening. I sat upon the platform of the large chapel and looked forth on a thousand colored faces, and the choir of a hundred or more behind me sang a familiar religious melody, and the whole company joined in the chorus with unction. I was the only white man under the roof, and the scene and the songs made an impression on me that I shall never forget. Mr. Washington arose and asked them to sing one after another of the old melodies that I had heard all my life; but I had never before heard them sung by a thousand voices nor by the voices of educated Negroes. I had associated them with the Negro of the past, not with the Negro who was struggling upward. They brought to my mind the plantation, the cabin, the slave, not the freedman in quest of education. But on the plantation and in the cabin they had never been sung as these thousand students sang them. I saw again all the old plantations that I had ever seen; the whole history of the Negro ran through my mind; and the inexpressible pathos of his life found expression in these songs as I had never before felt it.

"INNOCENT VICTIMS OF ANCIENT WRONG," AND THE MAN WHO SHOWS THE FIRST WAY OUTWARD.

AND the future? These were the ambitious youths of the race, at work with an earnestness that put to shame the conventional student life of most educational institutions. Another song rolled up along the rafters. And as soon as silence came, I found myself in front of this extraordinary mass of faces, thinking not of them, but of that long and unhappy chapter in our country's history which followed the one great structural mistake of the Fathers of the Republic, thinking of the one continuous great problem that generations of statesmen had wrangled over, and a million men fought about, and that had so dwarfed the mass of English men in the Southern States as to hold them back a hundred years behind their fellows in every other part of the world—in England, in Australia, and in the Northern and Western States—I was thinking of this dark shadow that had oppressed every large-minded statesman from Jefferson to Lincoln. These thousand young men and women about me were innocent victims of it. I, too, was an innocent victim of it. The whole Republic was a victim of that fundamental error of importing Africa into America. I held firmly to the first article of my faith that the Republic must stand fast by the principle of manhood suffrage; but I recalled the wretched mess that Reconstruction had made of it; I recalled the practical nullification of the post-bellum amendments in Mississippi and Louisiana, and the low level of public life in all the "black" States. Every effort of philan-

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thropy seemed to have miscarried, every effort at correcting abuses seemed of doubtful value, and the race difference was asserting itself more and more. Here was the century-old problem in all its pathos seated singing before me. Who were the more to be pitied—these innocent victims of an ancient wrong, or I and men like me, who had inherited the problem? I had long ago thrown aside illusions and theories, and was willing to meet the facts face to face, and to do whatever in God's name a man might do towards saving the next generation from such a burden. But I felt the weight of twenty well-nigh hopeless years of thought and reading and observation; for the old difficulties remained and new ones had sprung up. Then I saw clearly that the first way out of a century of blunders had been made by this man who stood beside me and was introducing me to this audience. Before me was the material he had used. All about me was the indisputable evidence that he had found the natural line of development. He had shown the way. Time and patience, and encouragement and work would do the rest.

It was then more clearly than ever before that I understood the patriotic significance of Mr. Washington's work. It is this conception of it and of him that I have ever since carried with me. It is on this that his claim to our gratitude rests.

TUSKEGEE MARKS A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF OUR KNOTTIEST PROBLEM.

TO teach the Negro to read, whether English, or Greek, or Hebrew, butters no parsnips. To make the Negro work, that is what his master did in one way and hunger has done in another; yet both these left Southern life where they found it. But to teach the Negro to do skilful work, as men of all the races that have risen have worked —responsible work, which *is* education and character; and most of all when Negroes so teach Negroes to do this that they will teach others with a missionary zeal that puts all ordinary philanthropic efforts to shame—this is to change the whole economic basis of life and the whole character of a people.

The plan itself is not a new one. It was worked out at Hampton Institute, but it was done at Hampton by white men. The plan had, in fact, been many times theoretically laid down by thoughtful students of Southern life. Handicrafts were taught in the days of slavery on most well-managed plantations. But Tuskegee is, nevertheless, a brand-new chapter in the history of the Negro, and in the history of the knottiest problem we have ever faced. It not only makes "a carpenter of a man; it makes a man of a carpenter." In one sense, therefore, it is of greater value than any other institution for the training of men and women that we have, from Cambridge to Palo Alto. It is almost the only one of which it may be said that it points the way to a new epoch in a large area of our national life.

To work out the plan on paper, or at a distance—that is one thing. For a white man to work it out—that, too, is an easy thing. For a colored man to work it out in the South, where, in its constructive period, he was necessarily misunderstood by his own people as well as by the whites, and where he had to adjust it at every step to the strained race relations—that is so very different and more difficult a thing that the man who did it put the country under lasting obligations to him.

It was not and is not a mere educational task. Anybody could teach boys trades and give them an elementary education. Such tasks have been done since the beginning of civilization. But this task had to be done with the rawest of raw material, done with a menial race, done within the civilization of the dominant race, and so done as not to run across race lines and social lines that are the strongest forces in the community. It had to be done for the benefit of the whole community. It had to be done, moreover, without local help, in the face of the direst poverty, done by begging, and done in spite of the ignorance of one race and the deep-rooted prejudice of the other.

THE DEMONSTRATION PROVED TO THE SATISFACTION OF SOUTHERN WHITES.

NO man living had a harder task, and a task that called for more wisdom to do it right. The true measure of Mr. Washington's success is, then, not his teaching the pupils of Tuskegee, nor even gaining the support of philanthropic persons at a distance, but this—that every Southern white man of character and of wisdom has been won to a cordial recognition of the value of

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the work, even men who held and still hold to the conviction that a mere book education for the Southern blacks under present conditions is a positive evil. This is a demonstration of the efficiency of the Hampton-Tuskegee idea that stands like the demonstration of the value of democratic institutions themselves — a demonstration made so clear in spite of the greatest odds that it is no longer open to argument.

Consider the change that has come in twenty years in the discussion of the Negro problem. Two or three decades ago social philosophers and statisticians and well-meaning philanthropists were still talking and writing about the deportation of the Negroes, or about their settlement within some restricted area, or about their settling in all parts of the Union, or about their decline through their neglect of their children, or about their rapid multiplication till they should expel the whites from the South—of every sort of nonsense under heaven. All this has given place to the simple plan of an indefinite extension among the neglected classes of both races of the Hampton-Tuskegee system of training. The "problem" in one sense has disappeared. The future will have for the South swift or slow development of its masses and of its soil in proportion to the swift or slow development of this kind of training. This change of view is a true measure of Mr. Washington's work.

TRANSFIGURATION OF THE BEGGING METHOD —PATRIOTISM.

THE necessary method of doing this has not been a pleasant one—the method of begging money. But there was no other way to do it. Mr. Washington has always succeeded in putting his appeals for financial help on the proper basis of patriotism. He has not asked help for himself nor for a private enterprise; nor has he asked aid simply to train a certain number of young men and women of his race, but he has asked help to prove the soundness of a great idea. His philosophic grasp of the import of this work was strikingly shown by an incident that I shall take the liberty to tell, since I did not hear it from him. Several years ago a man of great wealth sent for him, and told him that he thought of giving a part of his fortune to further the education of the blacks. He asked Mr. Washington's advice on this point and on that, and several hours passed in talk. When Mr. Washington was about to go away the conversation took a turn somewhat like this:

"May I volunteer one piece of advice?"

"Certainly."

"If you are thinking of giving any considerable sum of money for this purpose, I hope that you will not give it for the education of the Negroes only."

"But that is what I had in mind."

"Give it equally for the education of the whites in the South. The whole country must be built up together."

At this time Tuskegee Institute was sorely in need of money to meet current expenses.

I have seen a telegram that Mr. Washington sent to a benefactor of his own school, asking him to give money for a library in a Southern school for whites; and he took pains that the school should not know that the suggestion of the gift came from him.

SENSE OF HUMOR—A "PROGRESS IN MULES."

LIKE most men who do constructive work, like most men of his race, too, Mr. Washington keeps his poise and his endurance by his good sense of humor. He enjoys the ludicrous aspects of Negro life, and he tells Negro stories inimitably. One of the stock characters of many of his anecdotes belongs to the family of Uncle Remus. The Uncle Remus of the earlier days of freedom whom Mr. Harris caught and immortalized was a man who could never change. He had reached his fullest development. He was a fixed quantity. And he was essentially the slave. Mr. Washington's old darkey is the same old man under different conditions, living forty years later. He belongs to the same family, but he attends the Negro Conferences at Tuskegee, and has his ambition aroused to lift the mortgage from his mule.

If all histories were lost a careful student in the thirtieth century might construct ante-bellum Southern life from Mr. Harris's Uncle Remus, Miss Sally, and the little boy. So, too, the careful student of our own time may make a forecast of the future of the Negro by a careful study of Mr. Washington and the old man of his anecdotes, whose mind begins to grasp the spiritual difference between having a mortgaged mule and owning an unmortgaged one. The original Uncle Remus had no mule, and no wish for one—

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Marse John's mule was his. The uncle of the Tuskegee Conferences had a mortgaged mule, but he has paid the mortgage; and his son will own a team. The climb to civilization has sometimes been described more elaborately, but (for the present purpose at least, since we are dealing in fundamental forces and not with the refinements of social evolution) it could not be more clearly measured than by this progress in mules.

The literature of the Negro in America is colossal, from political oratory through abolitionism to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Cotton is King"—a vast mass of books which many men have read to the waste of good years (and I among them); but the only books that I have read a second time or ever care again to read in the whole list (most of them by tiresome and unbalanced "reformers") are "Uncle Remus" and "Up from Slavery"; for these are the great literature of the subject. One has all the best of the past, the other foreshadows a better future; and the men who wrote them are the only men who have written of the subject with that perfect frankness and perfect knowledge and perfect poise whose other name is genius.

MR. WASHINGTON AS A SPEAKER.

PERHAPS more persons have heard Mr. Washington speak than any other private citizen of the United States; and he is often described as an eloquent speaker. But he has not the oratorical temperament. There have been many men of his race who had it, the late President Price, for instance, of Livingstone College at Salisbury, North Carolina. He surely was an orator. He struck fire when he spoke, and threw you into the heroic mood. An orator is a man (if I may use one of Dr. Curry's interesting reminiscences) who can do what General Robert Toombs did in the Confederate Congress. He proposed and elaborated a plan for the victorious ending of the war by the Confederacy which was so brilliant that after he took his seat the Congress instantly adjourned under the spell of his oratory. But that was the last of the matter. The plan was emotionally perfect, but it was never translated with action. Now Mr. Washington never turned an audience topsy-turvy in this fashion. But the moral earnestness of the man—which is his power—has done better things. It has won cash, and sympathy, and lasting esteem for his wisdom. But his talk is not oratory. It is akin to the Hopkins-Armstrong kind of talk, not to the Toombs-Douglas kind. Tuskegee will be his monument, and a lasting idea will be his bequest, not a memory of oratorical triumphs nor a volume of speeches.

THE GROWTH OF HIS INFLUENCE. HE LIVES A TEXT AND PREACHES NO SERMON.

HE has reached a world-wide fame at an unusually early age. His story of his own life already has the distinction of translation into more languages, I think, than any other American book; and I suppose that he has as large a personal acquaintance among men of influence as any private citizen now living.

Mr. Washington has told in his autobiograph how the late Mr. C. P. Huntington, when he first met him, gave him $2, and when he last met him, $50,000. This is a good illustration of the way in which the man and the idea that he stands for have grown in many minds. At first he was regarded as the head of a school for colored youth. But there are hundreds and hundreds of such schools, and many of these have men at their head who are earnest and capable. With a better acquaintance he grew upon the friends he made as something more than a schoolmaster. The large significance of his work—its economic and patriotic significance—slowly shaped itself into a philosophy in the minds of those who understood it. Yet Mr. Washington himself has never formulated this philosophy in a systematic way. He lets fall remarks that indicate his understanding of it, but he has worked it out better than he has ever expressed it. He says, for instance, that the proper training of the Negro is as important for the future of the white man in the South as for the future of the Negro. True; but most men finding themselves hitched up with such an idea would prance and caper and construct a system of economic and social philosophy. He simply goes on working it out, as if it were all instantly intelligible, or as if it did not need elaboration. He will say that the first step in Negro education is to cause a family that lives in a one-room cabin to build another room. This is the whole thing. But a man of the oratorical temperament would regard

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this not as the sermon, but as only the text; and he would go on and preach. But he stops there, and you work out the thesis yourself and imagine that *you* have discovered the solution of the problem. Then in the elation of your discovery you give him encouragement and feel a proprietary interest in the idea!

UNIQUE METHOD OF TEACHING AT TUSKEGEE, AND MR. WASHINGTON'S VIEW OF HIS OWN WORK.

HIS own teaching at Tuskegee is unique. He lectures to his advanced students on the art of right living, not out of text-books, but straight out of life. Then he sends them into the country to visit Negro families. Such a student will come back with a minute report of the way in which the family that he has seen lives, what their earnings are, what they do well and what they do ill; and he will explain how they might live better. He constructs a definite plan for the betterment of that particular family out of the resources that they have. Such a student, if he be bright, will profit more by an experience like this than he could profit by all the books on sociology and economics that ever were written. I talked with a boy at Tuskegee who had made such a study as this, and I could not keep from contrasting his knowledge and enthusiasm with what I heard in a classroom at a Negro university in one of the Southern cities, which is conducted on the idea that a college course will save the soul. Here the class was reciting a lesson from an abstruse text-book on economics, reciting it by rote, with so obvious a failure to assimilate it that the waste of labor was pitiful.

Beginning as a schoolmaster he has become a leader of his people and a teacher in right living—in owning two mules instead of working one mortgaged mule, in having two rooms, or three, or four, instead of one room in their houses, in achieving economic independence, instead of remaining in economic bondage; and all this as matter of character-building. This programme is all so simple that it is hard now to understand that for the first twenty years of freedom it was nowhere heard of except at Hampton Institute, and that no leader of the blacks anywhere worked it out as a social philosophy till Tuskegee was established.

I asked Mr. Washington years ago what he regarded as the most important result of his work, and he replied:

"I do not know which to put first, the effect of Tuskegee's work on the Negro, or the effect on the attitude of the white man to the Negro."

PREPARATION FOR MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING AND SYMPATHY AMONG THE WHITES AND BLACKS OF THE SOUTH.

THE race divergence under the system of miseducation was fast getting wider. Under the influence of the Hampton-Tuskegee idea the races are coming into a closer sympathy and into an honorable and helpful relation. As the Negro becomes economically independent, he becomes a responsible part of the Southern life; and the whites so recognize him. And this must be so from the nature of things. There is nothing artificial about it. It is social development in a perfectly natural way. And the Southern whites not only so recognize it, but they are imitating it in the teaching of the neglected masses of their own race. It has thus come about that the school is taking a more direct and helpful hold on life in the South than anywhere else in the country. Education is not a thing apart from life—not a "system," nor a philosophy; it is direct teaching how to live and how to work.

To say that Mr. Washington has won the gratitude of all thoughtful Southern white men, is to say that he has worked with the highest practical wisdom at a large constructive task; for no plan for the up-building of the freedman could succeed that ran counter to Southern opinion. To win the support of Southern opinion and to shape it was a necessary part of the task; and in this he has so well succeeded that the South has a sincere and high regard for him. He once said to me that he recalled the day, and remembered it thankfully, when he grew large enough to regard a Southern white man as he regarded a Northern one. It is well for our common country that the day is come when he and his work are regarded as highly in the South as in any other part of the Union. I think that no man of our generation has a more noteworthy achievement to his credit than this; and it is an achievement of moral earnestness and of strong character of a man, in a word, who has done a great national service.

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"Danny"

by

Alfred Ollivant

Author of "Bob, Son of Battle"

Chapter Five

They Steal his Love from Danny

IT was now that they set to work to steal his lady from Daniel, son of Ivor. But he lay at the foot of her bed like a sea-gray log and refused to budge.

Then Deborah Awe made effort to carry him away by force: in vain.

"O the raskil!" she cried. "He heavies hisself till I caan't lift him."

"Better not try, Deb," urged the faint voice from the bed. "You'll only hurt yourself."

"Eh, but ye heard what the Doctor said, dearie?"

Later, while she slept, there came the Laird himself, he of the great hands and thunder-brow and bore Danny away to the birchwoods on the face of the brae, and there lost him in the evening at the time when the wild things of the woods begin to stir for their night huntings. But Danny, who of wont would be away a-bloodying, would not be tempted now.

Before ever the Laird was clear of the wood, Danny was off the hillside, stealing over dew-gray lawns, quiet as the shadow of coming night, had entered the house, crept up to her room, and there lay outside the door, so still that when the Woman, hurrying ungainly, entered the room, Danny entered too.

There he hid beneath the muslin curtains of the dressing-table, nor stole forth till she was gone. Then, tilting up against the bed, he licked the long fingers that drooped from under the coverlet.

"That you, Danny?" said a sleepy, shocked voice. "Ahh! naughty bad!" yet did not seem so deeply displeased. So, velvet-footed, he leapt upon the bed and crept along till he came to the pillows with the shadowy pale face upon them, weary with the toil of living, and dark-frilled eyes closed now as though she slept.

With tender teeth he pinched her ear as he was wont to do to show that he was there and loved her; and she shook her head and smiled, murmuring in that shocked voice of hers, "Now, look here!" nor opened her eyes, but laid a white hand on his forehead.

Se he laid his gray muzzle along the pillows beside her, watching her with untiring eyes.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept from an admirer, Andie Campbell, the gift of a beautiful sheep dog, which she calls her "babe," on condition that the difference between manslaughter and murder be strictly observed. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of this distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's, Missie falls sick and her "babe" is inconsolable.

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A little later there sounded along the passage a ponderous hushed tramp as of an elephant marching upon his toes.

"Massa, Danny!" whispered his lady, with still shut eyes. And Danny with bristling back waited until the feet were at the door, then stole off the bed and crept beneath it.

But he of the thunder-brow marked a tail like a trail of dew vanishing away, thrust out a brutal hand, and haled him forth, wee Danny with the lion eyes; and holding him prisoner, marched to the door still with hushed elephantine tread.

"O Massa!" pleaded the dear voice, threatening rain. "I *love* to have him so."

He of the thunder-brow stood where he was. The grim, wide mouth was bowed like a scimitar, and the stark face granite gray.

"Well, child?" he said, in his voice of the coming water-flood.

A minute she looked at him with fond eyes; her face tender, wistful, uncertain as an April day. Then she surrendered.

"Massa knows," she said, and smiled at him, yet with pity-moving lips.

He came to her, marching, loud, and stood beside the bed—great-shouldered, gray, grim man, bending awkwardly that the prisoner beneath his arm might be near to her upon the pillow.

"Just a day or two," he repeated huskily.

"Just for ever," said the lady, and looked up suddenly with anguished eyes. "You will be good to him, Massa. You won't—you won't—not even if he does bloody times."

She broke down quite and sobbed.

The Laird bent and kissed her, nor spoke.

She wrestled with her sobs, and overcame them, smiling up at him through the rain.

"Thank you, Massa," she said, and patted his hand. "Bye, my Danny," and waved to him. "Try to be a better boy—and not too bleedy. And don't *quite* forget your mum."

Then he was borne away; and she blew him rainy kisses whom she would never see any more this side.

Danny looked back at her with soft cocked ears.

Then he understood; and with a grunt struck for the gray-haired throat of his enemy who had brought this ill upon him.

But this enemy with arms of oak, as strong as pitiful, bore him away and handed him over to Robin Crabbe, henchman, to hold him fast until word came.

Chapter Six

Rude Robin

NOW Robin, though he loved Danny much, in those days feared the Laird more, except when fortified with liquor. So he made fast his prisoner in the woodshed, and Danny sat in the dimmest corner, a gray shadow with mournful eye, and would not be comforted.

Then Robin considered, and went forth and waylaid great gray rats; and he cleared a space on the floor of the woodshed and loosed them for his prisoner there.

Then Danny trotted forth and slew them sombrely and without glee; and Robin of the tarnished ringlets and flaming soul tawed him on with blasphemy and Old Testament battle cries. But Danny, his duty done, trotted back to his dim corner, there to mourn with reproachful eyes.

Robin retired into the kitchen.

There the Woman assailed him.

"What is all this raging of the heathen that I hear?" she asked fiercely.

"Me and Danny," said Robin dully, "at the work of the Lord."

"Oh," she cried, "that is like you man-males. Missie is in the Valley, and all you can do to help is to go a-bloodying."

Robin looked up.

"In the Valley!" he whispered. "Is that so?"

The Woman with the weary eyes collapsed.

"She is dwining," she gulped.

Robin was silent for a while.

"If Missie dies," Robin began, "then will Danny die, too."

"Danny!" cried the Woman. "Who cares for Danny now?"

"You do not," said Robin bitterly. "You have no heart at all."

"And when you have killed her quite ——"

"Kill her, keep me!" cried the Woman passionately. "Me that warstles with the Laird and yon weary Doctor body, and none to help me!—me that am tending her my lane and blythe to do it, dear heart!—me that never quits her night nor day!—Kill her?—Whatna more can a body do to cure her?—Tell me that, Robin Crabbe—you that have the dreams when you are in liquor—and I will do it."

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"Ye could keep away," said the rude man, and dragged back to the woodshed with weeping eye.

Chapter Seven
Missie Away

THE fourth day of his captivity found Danny, full of secret business, carried far into the night.

In the morning, unaccountably, he had missed a rat, and, marking the way of its escape, had discovered a hole and rotten board in the side of his prison-house. All day thereafter, in the absence of his gaoler, he had wrought with earthy muzzle, delving hands and spurning feet; and when Robin entered had sat upon the earth-heap to hide it, mourning with reproachful eyes. Nor would he come forth to the slaying, though Robin tempted him with rats, pig-fat, three-legged, and succulent, "such as a three-months' puppy would kill," said Robin. "Give him time!"

Robin watched him a while miserably; then he went forth and came to the kitchen, to the Woman who sat within, idle for once.

"You have killed my Danny!" he gulped; "and I aye tell't ye."

The Woman lifted her face, nor seemed to understand.

"Get out your blacks, man Robin," she said soddenly. "The Lord has had His will of l er."

Robin looked at her with startled eyes.

"Is she away?" he whispered.

The Woman began to speak as one telling a tale in a dream; in short sentences with long pauses, dry-eyed and with sodden voice.

"Then his Honor went—him bein' but a man and unable to bear; I was left with her. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her fingers began picking at her apron listlessly.

"Then she whispered me—and I bent—and it was to will his Honor to me—to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Her eyes were downcast, watching her fingers; and she went on soddenly:

"Then she opened her eyes, and whispered me. And she was gettin' far, but I heard— And I was to give her dear love to Danny— And don't girn at him, Deb,' says she: And she looked at me, and she was crying. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit.

"Towards sunset she began to stir, and I do think she would be waiting Danny home from bloodying. 'Don't be cross, Massa,' she says, frightened like. 'We can't help it.' Then she opened her eyes, and saw me and laughed like and whispered: 'It is I am girning, I think, Deb.' . . . Then she just lay a long bit."

The Woman's throat was haggard, and her face gray as the evening without.

"Then she smiled—and she just said—'Good-night, Deb. Kiss,' and I kissed her . . . and she was away . . . Just, 'Good-night, Deb,' she says. 'Kiss' . . . and I kissed her, and she was away."

And Robin, who for all his rude tongue had the heart of a woman, stood in the door, his back to her, shaken with sobs. Long he stood so; then turned, dim old man, with swimming eyes.

"Danny is dead," he announced.

The woman looked up; and into her dull eyes crept a gleam of joy.

"Has he followed her home?" she said.

"He cares no more for the killing," said Robin. "He cares no more to live."

The woman flamed forth upon him with sodden bitterness.

"He has killed my Missie," she cried. "That should be killing enough for him for one while."

The flame died out. She was all gray again. Her hands fell to her lap, and set to their idle business once more; and she began again in that dull dream-voice of hers——

"And 'Good-night, Deb,' she says. 'Kiss' . . . And I kissed her; and she was away."

Chapter Eight
The Lover's Return

TWO days later at noon Danny stole out of his prison-house with earthy muzzle, and made for the house and his Love. He passed close by to Robin; but that old man stood at the bee-skeps, bowed figure of woe, whispering, and saw him not.

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So he came into the house swiftly and unseen, by way of the kitchen, and then along dim, mouldy passages. The hall was strangely dark as he entered it, and there was an unwonted stir of people. At the foot of the stairs was a drift of fair white flowers, piled deep, unfamiliar in that gaunt hall as a heap of lilies on a bleak hillside; and dimly seen through the heart of them a shining slab of oak.

Threading his way amid strange legs clothed in black, and still smelling of the tailor's iron, he sped up the stairs to the door of his Love.

It was shut; and he called to her through the crack at the bottom, low and very tenderly as was his way; and waited for the sound of skipping feet, the little laughter, and flash of half-hidden ankles as of old when she came to admit him of mornings, home from his foray with Robin in the dew.

In a passion of expectation he waited, watching the crack with ardent eyes; now thrusting at the door with impatient paw, now crying a soft call, now taking a little eager turn down the passage as though to seek help, returning again to snuffle, shiver, and cry to her to come.

Then a far door opened.

Down the passage came his enemy of the thunder-brow, like an old blind giant tramping in his sleep; and stumbled against the watchman at the door.

"Eh?" he said—"Eh?" as one lost in a mist of doubt.

"It is Danny, Sir," sniffled the Woman at his heels. "Will I take him away?"

The Laird opened the door without a word. Danny shot in. With a little glad cry he leaped upon the bed; and then he knew—his Love was gone.

Back he came with a fury of onslaught.

Too late. The door was shut.

Chapter Nine

His Lady's Slipper

AT midnight the Woman came to the Laird. He was sitting lonely in the hall, a short cloak about his shoulders. His hands were crossed; the stark face was lifted till the throat of iron could be seen; and his eyes were shut.

"He will not taste, Sir!" she gasped, tears in her voice.

The Laird's chin dropped.

"Who?" he asked, with opening eyes.

"Danny, Sir. I laid the clout for him at the bedside—as Missie would; and I put his platter on it—as she would; and I called him to it and bid him say his blessing—just as she aye did. And he leapt off the bed, and walked round and sniffed it; and then," she cried in high voice of woe, "he just stood, waggin' a bit and looked at the door and waited."

"He could never touch a morsel tel she bid him," keened the Woman; "then he just looked at me and went back to the bed and his silver slipper. And there he lays and looks, and lays and looks, and will not stir for me."

"Let him bide," said the Laird briefly; and he was let bide.

For a night and a day the watcher lay so, he and his slipper; and the Woman tended him: and Robin was jealous to the soul because of it.

In the morning of the second day the old man came into the kitchen, nor paused as was his wont, but marched through to the door.

"Where to?" cried the Woman suddenly.

"To my Danny," said Robin, marching on.

The Woman thrust her gaunt self between him and the door.

"I leave your Lairds to you to mend and mind and girn at as you will," Robin continued hotly; "but this is *my* Danny. And now you would take him, too!"

"Missie was my child to me," said the Woman doggedly; "and Danny was her child to her."

"But you do not love him," cried Robin.

"Do I not?" retorted the Woman. "I dirtied a saucepan for him the morn."

Robin sat down by the door miserably; and the Woman went about preparing food for the mourner.

Later, she took it to him herself, and fresh water, and laid them on the clout beside the bed. Silent-footed, he leaped down, his slipper in his mouth, lapped up his water, wagging gratefully, yet one eye on his treasure; then he leaped back to his post of vigil, hoarded his slipper beneath his chin, and lay there with haggard eyes.

The Woman drew close to the bed and watched him with wrung face.

"Could ye greet a wee bittie, my man?"

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she said, gaunt woman, very tender. "It would ease you fine," she said. "So," and all in a motherly way, her face streaming with tears close to him, she shewed him how; but Danny lay with tearless eyes and could not greet.

The Woman returned to the kitchen.

"Could you do nothing, Robin?" she implored.

"I could," said Robin, "if I would."

"And would you not?" cajoled the Woman, "for our wee man."

"*Our* man, is it?" sneered Robin tremulously.

"And is he not yours?" cried the Woman.

"He loves me," said Robin.

"He does so for sure," said the Woman. "Often you and he have been out taking life together; and that is aye a bond between Christian men-folks."

"Go till him, Robin," pleaded the Woman. "It may be he will mind you."

Robin rose.

Danny lay at the foot of the bed, quite still, with haggard eyes and chin upon his slipper.

Danny greeted him friendly, as of old, with faint flicker of ears and slow-moved tail; but he made no move.

Robin edged nearer, and the watchman huddled over his slipper. Robin patted him, and he crouched with levelled ears. Robin laid hand upon the slipper, and Danny pinned him by the wrist; nor broke the skin.

The old man loosed the slipper and Danny loosed his hold; then he licked the wrist where he had pinched it, very tenderly, watching the other with sad eyes.

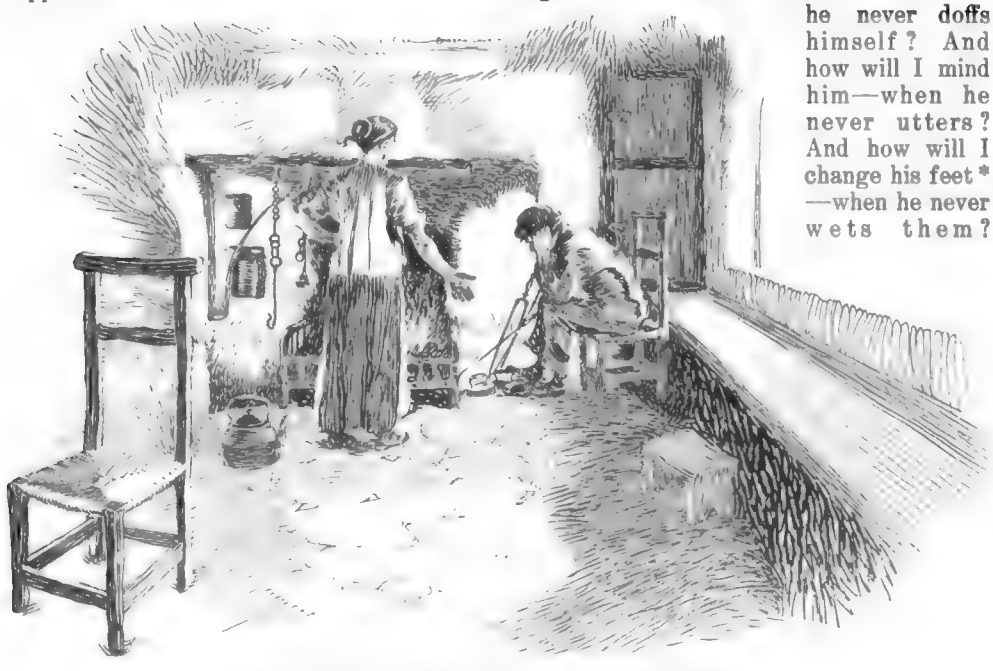
Robin rose, and went out quickly, down the stairs and through the kitchen.

Chapter Ten

Deborah Awe Prays

THOSE were days of misery for the Woman almost beyond bearing.

"Missie willed him to me to mend him and mind him, and see he changed his feet," she cried in anguish. "And how will I mend him—when he never doffs himself? And how will I mind him—when he never utters? And how will I change his feet* —when he never wets them?



"'I HAVE NOT THE HEART,' SAID DIM ROBIN, SNIFFLING."

Robin sat down on the bed.

"Mannie," he said, and could say no more for the fulness at his throat.

Oh!" she wailed, in shrill voice of woe, "what with him in the hall, speakin' none

* To change his feet; to change his socks.

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nor greetin' none; and Danny in the great room the same; and you in the kitchen dreep—dreep—dreeping all the while. Oh!" she cried, turning on him with sudden passion, "give over, or go and get drunk!"

"I have not the heart," said dim Robin, sniffling.

That afternoon as the Laird kept lonely vigil in the hall, he heard a noise of secret sniffling without the door.

"Begone!" said the grim Laird.

There was silence again, then a nose was blown.

"D'you hear me?" cried the Laird.

There was more hushed sniffling.

"I hear ye," said the sodden voice, "but I dinna heed ye."

The Laird rose.

"And who are you?" he asked terribly, and began to tramp to the door.

"Robin," replied the voice hastily.

The Laird flung wide the door.

Upon the stone flags in the mouldy passage just outside the door kneeled Deborah Awe.

"It seems there's a mistake," he said.

"Seems so," said the woman, nor stirred from her knees.

Then she lifted a wet face to him, and it was wrung with woe.

"I was just putting up a bit of prayer for your Honor," she said, clutching great knuckled hands. "D'ye mind?"

"I was not asked," said the Laird.

"Just that the Lord send you the comfort of tears—you and Danny," she continued with wrung hands. "O man!" she cried, gaunt woman on her knees, "there's a hantle o' comfort in tears. If ye could greet a bit it would ease you fine."

The Laird looked down at the wet, moved face.

"Tears are no ease to men," he said not unkindly.

"O, but ye should just see Robin!" cried the Woman. "Dreep—dreep—dreep it is all the while. And it eases him fine. And belike if you could ——"

"I am not Robin," said the Laird.

"I ken he's not much in the way of a man, is not Robin," said the Woman; "but . . ."

"As God meant him," said the Laird, "so He made him. Get up!"

The Woman did not move.

'May I no pray for Mr. Heriot?" she urged. "Just a bit—as Missie would. Now she is away, there is none prays for you but yourself. And ye ken that in the village if they pray at your Honor, they pray ag'in you."

"You may pray for me," said the Laird; "but you must do it in the kitchen. I cannot have you," said he, "praying about in the public passages."

"I thought I'd be nearer like," said the Woman, mopping up her tears.

The Laird went back to the leathern chair and his blind reverie.

His hands were hardly clasped, his eyes scarce shut, before the door opened afresh, and the Woman stood in it, her face still bleared with tears.

"And there is Danny!" she said.

"What of him?" asked the Laird, opening his eyes.

"He is as is your Honor. The Lord has denied him the gift of tears. God gave woman the heart to sorrow and tears to ease her of her sorrow," she went on; "to man He gave no heart and no need of tears; to dogs," she said, "and your Honor, He gave the self-same heart to mourn and forgot to give them the comfort of tears. For it is all one with you and Danny. He speaks none, nor greets none; and he dwines and dwines because of the sorrow which cannot away, in tears."

"'Would Mr. Heriot go to him?' she hissed. 'I have tried, and Robin has tried; and he will not mind us. He just lays and looks, and lays and looks, and that wae with it to gar ye greet.'"

The Laird went.

Danny lay as ever at the foot of the white bed, hoarding his slipper, and with haggard eyes.

The Laird sat down upon the bed, and laid gray hands upon his brow; and Danny made no protest.

"Danny," said the Laird, bending low, until his face was just above the sad eyes set in a pearl-gray sea; "do you not understand? She is gone," he said. "She is gone," and repeated it low and slow, as a father teaching a child its letters. "Mother is gone. She will not come back to us," he said; "we will go to her."

But Danny looked up into the widowed face above him, and would not understand.

Then the Laird, with sudden stiffening throat, rose and went out, treading in that strange, blind way of his.

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Chapter Eleven

She is Not There, Danny

NEXT morning when the Woman came to the mourner, he rose wearily, slipper in mouth, and trailed out of the room.

She watched him plodding down the stairs, the slipper tap-tapping from stair to stair as he went; she saw him cross the sombre hall and enter the Morning Room.

Within he stood on the low tapestried chair she had used to sit upon—maidenly white figure with bowed head, the sun in her hair, and her white-and-golden work upon her knees.

Against a little octagon table he leaned and tilted with long muzzle at the work-basket thereon. It fell, and strewed the floor with a thousand little knickknacks.

He leaped down and searched amid the wreckage. Her thimble he took between his teeth, pinched delicately, shook, and snuffled into; a ball of wool he held with one firm paw, hopped round it on three legs, and nosed beneath; then into the gutted basket he thrust his nose, and scratched the bottom of it with diligent forepaw.

"She is not there, Danny," said the voice of the Laird.

Danny looked up and saw him standing in the door, stark shadow of a man; then he snapped up his slipper, and trailed out through the glass door into the green-smelling house of flowers beyond.

And now it seemed that these, her children, drooped palely and without hope.

Round the rim of each flowerpot he sniffed with careful nose. One pale fuchsia that she had loved above all because it ailed, and tended even on that last evening, that hung now brokenly like a love-sick girl, he stayed at. Round it he searched, eager, intent, his tail still low, yet stirring as with reviving hope, nor would abandon it; as though about it still lingered some far faint breath of her ministry.

"She is no there, Danny," said Robin chokily; and Danny looked at him.

In the Morning Room the clock chimed twelve. At that of old his lady would rise and fold away her work, neat, demure, old-maidenly; then she would skip, cry to him joyously, clapping her hands above his head as he pranced beneath; and hand in hand, as it were, the two would fare forth gleefully into God's morning, until they came to that high headland that thrusts a bare shoulder up into Eternity; and there would lie amid the tides of heaven and look out over the rough-hewn land to Burn-water set at the feet of the far hills and beyond the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears.

So now he went to the door and asked.

Robin opened for him, and watched him canter across the silent lawns and lose himself in the heather beyond.

Twenty minutes later he was back in a bustle. Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his Love in a fury of expectancy.

"She is no there, Danny," the Woman cried, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously, saw the bed lady-forlorn, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death; and the Woman saw the hope die out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came.

So he stood a moment in the centre of the floor, gray muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

Chapter Twelve

Danny's Search

ALL that day he searched about the home-places familiar to them both; in woodland nook, known to those two only, on many a headland private to him and her, in secret glade beside the burn, where she would splash a line in June, and wearied, lie out her length upon the bank with far-flung arms, amid the fox-gloves, while he, dripping, alert, and clamorous, did doughtily for his lady's sake and his own delight against the water-rats and heathen of the wilderness, but he searched them through; nay, not a meek-eyed wood-anemone that she had once caressed, but he stayed with lifted paw and anxious eye to inquire of it if his lady had passed that way.

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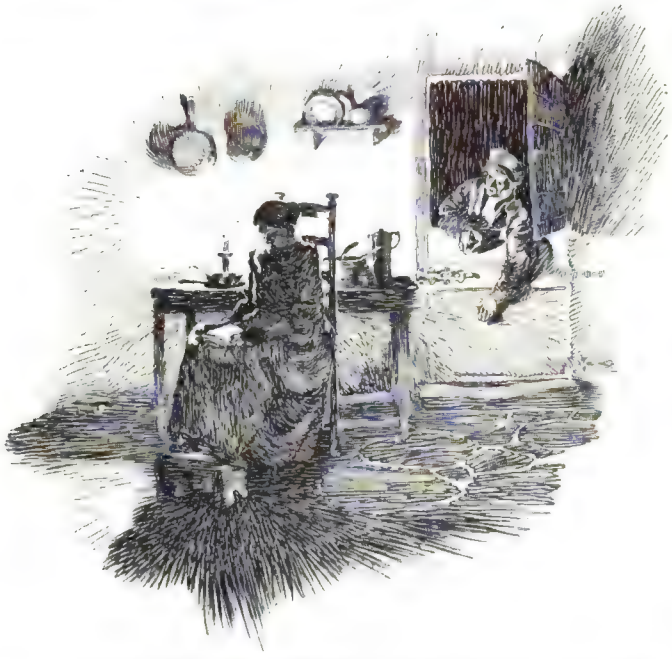
Then he carried his search abroad. Once beside the Lake of the Black Dwarf, amid the desolate hills, one who had no lawful business there saw him, the lonely hunter, passing rapidly by, so rapt in search that, seen himself, he did not see.



"A CROONING VOICE, VERY CARESSING, CAME IN UPON HER DREAMS."

On the evening of the second day, the Woman in the door of the kitchen peering forth with weary eyes, beheld him coming down Lammermore.

She saw the little figure coming off the hill at swift, unvarying trot. She heard the Laird call, and drew her breath; but Danny passed him by, swift, trotting shadow, nor seemed to hear; crossed the lawn, into the kitchen; passed her too, trotting on, haggard, weary, intent; passed Robin, huddled by the fire; down the long mouldy passage, and up the stairs to lie, all travel-stained and ragged as he was, on the mat at Missie's door.

To him, as he lay there, the Woman came, gray with misery for him. A wash-tub was in her hands, a towel over her arms.

She put the wash-tub down upon the floor and knelt beside him, unweeping, unspeaking; spreading out her cloth upon the floor and making arrangements with lean, large-knuckled hands as though to give a child a bath; and behind her Robin leaned against the wall, idly swallowing his sobs.

Then the Woman took Danny to do for him as Missie would do, and as she began to wash his mouth, dread feet sounded in the passage, and the Laird stood over her.

The Woman kneeled bolt upright. One gnarled hand sought Danny and clutched him to her.

"What's all this rout and wash-tubs and all?" the Laird asked harshly.

"I am fer washing Danny," said the Woman.

"You are for doing everything in the public passages," said the Laird.

"He was lying outside Missie's door," said the Woman. "I'd no the heart to stir him."

"Why does he want washing?" asked the Laird.

"Missie would aye red him up whiles," said the Woman vaguely.

"She would so," said the Laird, "when he was home from bloodying."

"He has not been bloodying!" cried the Woman quickly.

"Then why wash his mouth?" asked the Laird.

"It mistens the lips," said Robin.

"He may have bloodied a bit in between whiles," said the Woman sullenly. "God made him male."

"He has not bloodied," said the Laird. "I would he had!" and he passed on down the passage, tramping.

Chapter Thirteen

The Voice of Lamentation

NEXT day was the Sabbath. All the morning he searched diligently and alone. At noon the kirk-bells tolling brought him home.

Now Danny stood before the house with lifted face and waited while the kirk-bell tolled.

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The great door opened. On the top of the steps the Laird appeared alone.

Danny looked; then started away of set, miserable purpose.

The Laird swept his short cloak about him, and strode kirk-wards.

Robin and the Woman were left together. And as they stood thus silently, there came towards them floating from on high a far note of wailing.

From far away on the height of Lammermore, it came to them, that voice of Lamentation. Over the birchwoods, borne on sorrowful wings it floated, long-drawn and low.

Down in the village they heard it amid tolling bells; across Burn-water it travelled, anguished still; by the Ferry it lingered, and the boatmen there knew it for Danny mourning his heart away as faithfully as ever did man-lover for his mistress; then it fared forth and lost itself on the comfortless cold bosom of the sea.

"O!" cried the Woman, "O! Will you not go to him, Robin?"

"I caan't," cried Robin, tender coward that he was. "I could not bear to see him suffer!" and the tears streamed down his face.

"O you man!" cried the Woman. "I will go my lone," and set forth, her Woman's courage on her.

It was Robin who stopped her.

"The Laird's gone," he said.

The Woman looked up, and saw that it was so. It was an hour before he came back, the gray Laird, striding. His face was like a frost, and Danny in his arms; the haggard eyes and gray face peering.

"It's peetiful—just peetiful!" whined Robin.

Chapter Fourteen

Robin is Himself Again

THE Woman was sitting in the kitchen.

Now as she sat there, gaunt, tender-eyed, her Book upon her lap, her mittened hands upon her Book, her thoughts with Missie far away, a crooning voice, very caressing, came in upon her dreams.

"Will ye be
Wee wife to me,
Hummin', bummin', busy bee?"

"If ye wait fer me," said the Woman shortly, "ye'll want long."

"Ye're not asked yet, chuckie," said Robin. "That was just a song; no an offer."

"And if I was," said the Woman, "ye'd yet want."

"I'd prefer to want," said Robin. "When my first died I found I could do wantin' her better than with her."

The Woman looked at him over her spectacles.

"I see," she said, "you are yourself again."

"I am so," said Robin, "and not me only."

"Who else then?" asked the Woman.

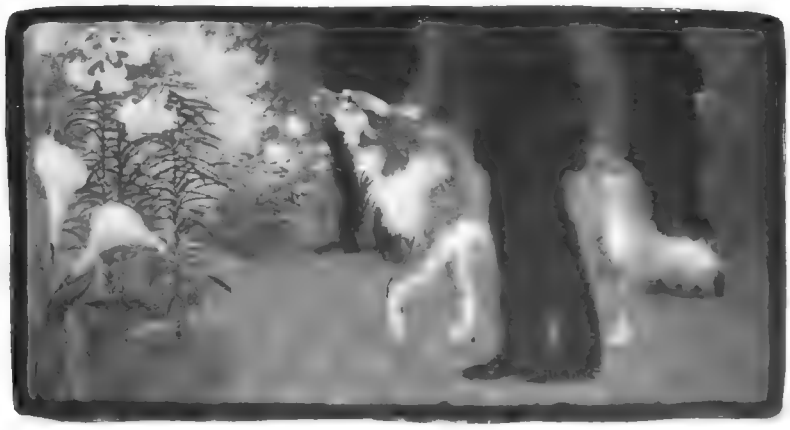
"Daniel, Son of Ivor," said Robin, "hero—soldier—saint."

The Woman dropped her hands.

"Daniel, son of Ivor, has gone forth on the work of the Lord," cried Robin.

"The Lord send you're saying the truth fer once," said the Woman.

(To be continued.)



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"THE STARLIGHT TOUCHED SOMETHING THAT GLITTERED—A SOLDIER'S HELMET."

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BELSHAZZAR.

A TALE OF THE FALL OF BABYLON.

By William Stearns Davis.

Illustrated by Lee Woodward Zeigler, with decorations by John E. Laub.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

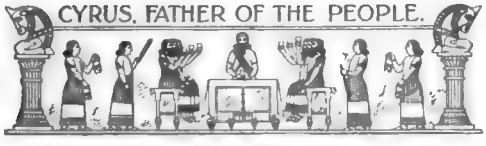
Alossa, daughter of Cyrus, King of Persia, betrothed to Belshazzar, King of Babylon, now attended hither by her young lover, Darius, with other Persian Princes, is received by Avil-Marduk, Chief Priest of Bel, and the latter's foe, Daniel, the Jew, the "Civil Minister," now old in the service of Belshazzar, and much honored by the people. Proceeding in pomp to the palace, they are brought to a stand by the sudden peril of Daniel's daughter, Ruth, through the fury of an escaped royal lion, which Darius quickly pierces with an arrow. Thus, saving Ruth from the lion, and incidentally from the King, Darius finds a friend in her betrothed, Isaiah, the young Jew, while Ruth herself is kept hidden in the country. Daniel, Darius, and Isaiah, thus closely brought together, are not long in learning that the king has attempted by this marriage with a daughter of Cyrus to avert suspicion of his Egyptian league against Persia.

One Gudea, a crafty exorcist, whose murderous profession Isaiah has discredited, seeks redress of Avil-Marduk, claiming that it was Isaiah who had murdered this Saruch, a rich merchant and pious servant of the gods. The High Priest, therefore, easily bribes Gudea to collect evidence against the Jews, meaning Isaiah and his father-in-law, Daniel.

At this time Darius is warned by the Lady Alossa to be on his guard against the morrow's hunt; but he, disregarding, narrowly escapes treachery in the royal forest, thus showing the king's hand, and is thrown into prison, where Avil-Marduk has also succeeded by this time in putting Daniel.

Mysteriously as he disappeared, Isaiah now reappears, during the great procession of Bel, at the head of the temple steps, foretelling the doom of Babylon; the people, meanwhile, crying out in fear, "The gods are angry on account of Daniel. Spare Daniel," while the priests of Bel reply with "Death to the Jews," and set upon Isaiah. A riot follows. Isaiah, given by Alossa a talisman which shall vouch for the tidings he is about to carry to Susa, once more disappears. The king, meanwhile, having quelled the riot and granted amnesty to all save Isaiah, accuses Darius of plotting against Babylon, condemns him to death, yet sends, withal, to Cyrus veiled protests of peace.

CHAPTER X.



ANOTHER king, another council, another palace. The twilight was creeping over Susa, the city of Cyrus; over the blue Choaspes winding southward; over the rambling town, with its shops and bazaars, which stretched away to eastward and over the great mound betwixt river and city.

The citadel was natural, but strengthened by human art. Twenty furlongs and more was its circuit: its sheer height rose for fifty cubits. On its summit spread the Aryan palace. Original in nothing save truth-speaking, the Persian had been a borrower from many lands. A stranger would have declared the house of Cyrus like that of Belshazzar, yet in manner unlike it. Endless colonnades; huge courts, unroofed save for the Tyrian purple tapestries on great feast days; giant-winged bulls; walls brilliant with innumerable processions of huntsmen and spearmen, wrought in blue and green enamel—all these from Babylon. But Greek chisels had given delicacy and grace to the sculptures; the conceit of India had set the four heads of griffins on the corners of each stately capital; Median ostentation had plated the ceilings of many of the chambers, as well as the cornice and parapet without, with the pale lustre of silver, or even with garish gold.

There was no throne in this chamber. The king sat in a ponderous arm-chair, at the head of a long table, his fellow-councillors ranged on lower seats at either side. The six princes of the tribes of Persia and of Media were suffered at all times to speak their word to the monarch, and he must hear them. They had long since cast off ceremony. Cyrus's cone-shaped tiara was taller than that of the others, the embroideries on his flowing Median robe richer; these alone distinguished him. There was no scribe present, nor other attendant. After a long silence the king was again speaking.

"My friends," Cyrus smote a fist on the table with a buffet weighty enough to fell an ox, "I called you for counsel; I meet silence and black frowns. Have you nothing to say?" The king looked face to face: his own was troubled. There was care spread upon his high, bronzed fore-

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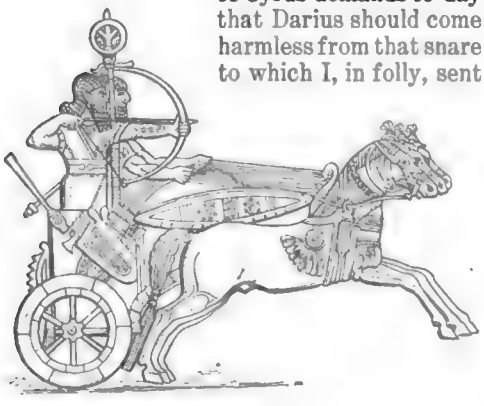
head; care was in the lines of his mouth under the flowing gray beard; care was dimming the genial lustre of his keen blue eyes.

A man at the king's right hand made answer, and all heard respectfully, for he was bowed with age and its wisdom.

"Live forever, King of the Aryans! Do not blame us if Ahura denies us the presence of Vohu-Manö, angel of good counsel. What is left to say? Yet let the king know this—determine the fate of Darius, my son, without thought for my own private loss or grief."

But Cyrus shook his head, replying sombrely: "You are a true friend, Hystaspes; but understand that the honor of Persia and of Cyrus demands to-day that Darius should come harmless from that snare to which I, in folly, sent



him. The blame is mine. Belshazzar has deceived me."

But the dark-eyed Median prince, Harpagus, who sat at the king's left hand, broke forth hotly: "Now as Mithra rains light from the heavens, I protest the Babylonian will never dare to make a hair of our prince to fall. Belshazzar and his pack of snivelling priests and paltering corn-merchants put to death a prince of our blood royal! This is a coward's threat. He will make it good—never!"

"Peace," commanded the king. "You do even that *daeva* wrong. We have Gobryas's letter and cannot doubt. Belshazzar has a city nigh impregnable. His army, if not so large as our Aryan hordes, is well drilled, valorous. His capital is provisioned for a siege of years. Only a man who had resolved to follow his path to the end would dare to utter this threat."

"True," Hystaspes looked down, grievously tormented; "yet for the honor of our people and our God, there is but one answer to make to this defiance."

Cyrus was standing erect and confronting his council.

"Do you, princes of Persia and Media, bid me to sacrifice Darius, son of Hystaspes, proclaim instant war, and send our forces over the Tigris to strike Belshazzar? An answer"—the king's voice grew hard—"peace or war?"

Stillness for a moment, and then Harpagus was thundering:

"War, in the name of every archangel! Tell Belshazzar that if Darius dies we will beat down Babylon till she be a city for wolves and jackals."

"And you, Hystaspes?" demanded the king.

"I have spoken," replied the old prince wearily. "Not to save my own child can we cringe to Belshazzar, that 'Son of the Lie.' There is no other way."

Cyrus was looking wistfully from one to another.

"And is there no word for peace?" he was asking, almost eagerly. "On such a war we stake our all."

"War alone is left," was the sullen answer of many, none looking upward. But Cyrus smote again upon the table, making the firm oak quiver.

"But I, Cyrus, son of Cambyses, King of Persia and all Iran, am very ill content with your counsel. We all will be partners in Darius's blood, if he is left to die. I, the king, have chief blame in sending him to Babylon, but you all were consenting. Would to Ahura I had followed my own heart, and given him Atossa! Of her fate in the clutch of Belshazzar I say nothing." It was the first time he had mentioned his own child that day. The princes saw a tear on the iron cheek of the conqueror of Mede and Lydian. None answered him. The king ran on: "Our debate ends as it began—in darkness. I will not act on your advice to-night. Orasmasdes, the chief Magian, shall pour libation to the great star Tishtrya* and all the other heavenly powers, that they may incline the Lord God to favor with his wisdom. I am no 'Father of the People' if to spare my own dignity I suffer the bravest and choicest of our Aryan youths to die miserably."

The king had thrust back his chair, and motioned to the others to rise also. They

* Sirius.

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were obeying, in moody silence, when the door was flung open, and Phraortes, the high chamberlain, was kneeling before Cyrus.

"Your Majesty, the General Gobryas sends in advance a young man who demands instant speech with my lord."

"Does he come from Babylon? Who is he?"

"He brings a letter from the general, that he is in all things to be believed. He also bears a token from the ever-to-be-reverenced Lady Atossa."

"From Atossa?" They saw the king's grip on the arm of his chair grow hard as a vice. "Bring him in instantly."

Cyrus had reseated himself; the rest imitated perforce.

A moment later Phraortes ushered before them a young man in Babylonish dress, handsome-visaged, but now dusty, unkempt, travel-stained. The stranger did not cover his hands, Persian fashion, but fell on his face and kissed the rugs at Cyrus's feet, nor did he arise until Cyrus bade him to fear nothing.

"Your Majesty understands Chaldee?" began the stranger, his eyes still on the carpet.

"I understand and speak it," was the answer. "Do not tremble. We Persians forgive all else so long as men speak the truth. Who are you? Not a Babylonian?"

While the king spoke he had sped a glance keen as a spear through the newcomer, as if searching every recess of his soul. But the other, unconfounded, lifted his own gaze and met Cyrus boldly eye to eye, a glance in turn so penetrating, yet so winsome, that half the suspicions of monarch and princes were disarmed.

"I am no Babylonian, O King!" The young man tossed his head proudly. "My people are the Hebrews, who it pleases the Omnipotent God should suffer oppression at the hands of these servants of speechless brass and graven marble, but who would not exchange the Lord God of their fathers for a thousand Belshazzars and his kingdoms. Know, your Majesty, that my name is Isaiah, son of Shadrach, the Jew, though born and bred in Babylon, city of darkness. And in proof of what I may tell you receive this."

He was extending something which Cyrus caught eagerly.

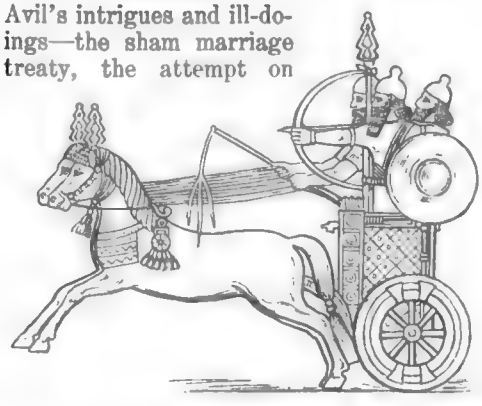
"Beware," admonished Hystaspes in the king's ear, "this may be but a spy of Belshazzar." But the young man overheard and answered boldly:

"May Jehovah the All-Seeing smite me as I stand, if I speak one jot or one tittle more or less than truth!"

Cyrus had raised his head, and looked on the Hebrew again.

"And I believe you," swore the king; "for as Ahura reigns, I do not deem he could set deceit behind so frank a face and eye. This, my lords"—he held up the trinket—"is the locket I hung on my daughter's neck before you all. And now, Jew, say on."

And long the council sat and listened while Isaiah unwound to them the tangled web of Belshazzar's and Avil's intrigues and ill-doings—the sham marriage treaty, the attempt on



Darius's life, the plottings with Egypt, the preparations for war—the Persian knew these now if not before. But when Isaiah had finished, Cyrus asked simply:

"One question? By what means did you gain this locket from the Lady Atossa? Can you enter Belshazzar's own harem?"

Whereupon Isaiah told very modestly the manner in which he had saved the princess during the riot, and despite his slackness in self-praise, as he ended the king demanded of his lords:

"Men of Persia, do you now believe this man?"

"Every word," came from Harpagus, and he spoke for all.

"How, then, shall the great king reward him?"

"Let the Jew take three talents of gold," answered the councillor, and Cyrus nodded approval.

"So be it. Son of Shadrach, you shall have as Prince Harpagus has said."

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"The king jests with his servant," and again the Hebrew looked downward.

"Not so, on the inviolable pledge of a king of the Aryans!"

"Your Majesty," Isaiah spoke very rapidly, as if to escape repentance for his boldness, "if I rescue Prince Darius from his dungeon—what reward then?"

The eyes of the Jew were very bright. They could see he was hanging on the king's every word. Cyrus had lifted his hand as in an oath.

"The man who saves Darius shall enter my treasure-house in Ecbatana, where are stored the jewels taken from the Assyrian by Cynaxares the Mede, and bear thence his own weight in precious stones, though he take rubies and diamonds only!"

They who watched Isaiah saw him sweep his hand, as if in high disdain.

"Keep the jewels, O Cyrus!" cried he, nigh passionately. "I have not come to sell my service like a huckster, to bargain for gems or gold."

His voice had risen almost to a menace, but the king was not angry.

"Good, Hebrew!" Cyrus was smiling. "I did not think riches would tempt such as you. By Ahura's great name, I declare that if you save Darius you may ask anything in reason, and it is yours."

Isaiah's eyes glittered even brighter than before, but his voice grew calm.

"King of the Aryans, the one God whom you worship under the name of Ahura-Mazda, and we as Jehovah, has given my people now for fifty years into the power of the idol-worshipping Chaldeans. Fifty years long have we bowed beneath this yoke, and besought our God that He would forget our sins, would restore us to His mercy. Now at last the hour comes when it shall be proved before all nations which is the greater, Him whom we serve, or Nabu and Marduk and Samas, the demons of the Chaldees. For the rage of Avil-Marduk, the chief pontiff, and of Belshazzar is gone out against my people, and the oppression they suffer is more than most may bear. Either my people must bow the neck, must forsake their God, must teach their children to serve the idols of Babylon, or you, O Cyrus, must hear the summons of the Lord Most High, and make the oppressed go free!"

The king had leaped from his seat. They faced each other, monarch and prophet for the instant equals.

"Sovereign of Persia"—Isaiah bore himself as proudly as if himself were the "King of kings"—"the God of nations has clothed you with power, the like of which He never shed on mortal man before, not on Assurbani-pal, the great Assyrian. The tribesmen on countless plains are yours; your horsemen He alone may number. Belshazzar, the Babylonian, casts defiance in your teeth. You hesitate, for you fear for Darius. Were he free, the perjurer would already see from his walls the sky lit with the villages blazing under the Persian torch. And *it is I* that may set Darius free. Jehovah has set in me a spirit of craft and wisdom that with His help shall not fail. Though they seek my life in Babylon, I know how to avoid them. Be this the reward for the rescue of Darius: you shall call forth your myriads and dash Belshazzar from his ill-gained throne, and then"—brighter than ever were the Jew's eyes now—"you shall restore my people to their own land, that they may rebuild their desolate Jerusalem. *This* is my reward!"

Stillness, while all gazed upon Isaiah. The rest saw Cyrus approach three steps toward the Jew: the two were yet looking eye to eye.

"Hebrew," Cyrus was striving to speak quietly, "a great thing you propose, a great thing you ask. How long a time will you require to return to Babylon and do this deed?"

"In forty days, my king, you shall see Darius here or in your camp. A fellow-countryman and friend, though once apostate to Jehovah, has secretly repented. He is on the prison guard, and will aid me."

"By Mithra! you speak of return to Babylon as of returning to a feast!"

"Fairer than a feast, my lord. I return to the fulfilment of my heart's desire—the winning of freedom for my people."

"Yet though you prosper, what if we fail? We may drive Belshazzar from the field, but the ramparts of Babylon——"

Isaiah took the words from the king's mouth.

"Shall lie smooth as the plain to the feet of Cyrus, the 'Called of Jehovah!'"

Cyrus looked again, and very earnestly. "One thing more, Hebrew—my daughter, in Belshazzar's harem?" His voice sank exceeding low. "What will be her treatment? Answer me truly this."

"Your Majesty," was the unfaltering

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reply, "even the Babylonian is not in all things a fiend. Belshazzar does not carry his villainy so far that, if Darius escape, he would wreak vengeance on his own betrothed wife. I grieve for the Lady Atossa, but the swords of the Aryans are the only talisman that will make her lot less wretched."

Cyrus moved another step nearer. He had raised his hand toward heaven.

"Then in the name of Ahura, One God of All, and the Amesha-Spentas, His archangels, I swear that, if you save Darius, I will lay low Babylon and set your people free. And you, princes of the Persians, are my witnesses."

When he looked downward, he saw Isaiah kneeling before him, kissing the hem of his mantle.

But Cyrus had turned to his council.

"Men of Iran," said he simply, "Ahura has not forsaken us. He has sent us Vohu-Manö, the spirit of wise council. We need linger no more here."

CHAPTER XI.

AVIL-MARDUK had visited a strange place for the chief priest, the nethermost dungeon in the palace guardhouse by the royal quay. Here one could hear the river brawling against the slimy walls. The black murk of the sunken galleries leading to the cells had been charged with a damp and sickening odor. The light from the slits against the ceiling was just enough to suffer one, with eyes accustomed to darkness, to grope his way. When the chief warden put his key in the ponderous wooden lock of a door the pivots creaked and a whiff of air drifted from within, but so stifling that for an instant the priest recoiled.

"Who is here," demanded he of the warden, "the Persian or Daniel? My errand is to both."

"The Persian, my lord. Your eyes may not see him, but he is crouched in the farther corner. He is dangerous. Seven men had to hold when we put on his fetters. Shall I stay by while you speak with him?"

"Wait within call, though I must talk alone." Then raising his voice, he jeered boldly: "Ha! noble prince, do you find the raw millet and canal water of this guardhouse daintier than the fare on Cyrus's tables? Be comforted; twenty-seven years did Zedekiah, the Jewish king, languish in this very cell. You are not likely to enjoy its hospitality so long."

Out of the dark came an ominous growl.

"And now, son of Hystaspes"—dropping the cat-like purring from his voice—"let us understand one another. You are utterly in our power. By this time, at least, you will begin to confess it."

He heard the chains begin to rattle from the corner.

"By this time, O Prince of Treachery, you begin to hear the roar of the Persian lion. Do *you* confess it? Has the news that comes of late to Babylon been sweet as Assyrian honey?"

Avil let a moment pass before he answered:

"It is true that Cyrus is massing soldiers."

"It is true that Kutha has surrendered, and Sirusur the Tartan suffered a defeat. Make your toads, these jailers, keep tighter mouths if you would have them leak no news to me."

"Yes, it is true," cursed Avil; "war has blazed forth. No profit to deny. But nothing decisive has befallen. The king leads his host into the field in a few days. If Cyrus be the first to attack——"

"I shall be put to death?"

"Unless you will serve our ends."

"I am in Ahura's hands. It is His, not yours, to give life or death."

Avil incautiously advanced a few steps into the darkness.

"The 'suicide demon' possesses you, Persian," he was asserting, when with a clatter of chains the prince bounded from his corner and dashed the priest to the bricked floor.

"At last, adder!" snorted he, uplifting his manacled hands, and smiting once and again.

"Rescue! Help! Murder!" bawled Avil, helpless on his back.

Well that the jailers ran swiftly, or Bel would have lacked a pontiff. They plucked the prince from his victim by sheer force, and dragged Avil away covered with bruises. He stood, invoking upper and nether powers,

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to blast the Persian race forever. They put a shorter chain on the prisoner, but he still threatened impudently.

But the priest turned away quaking, and bade the others open the door of the adjacent cell, for he desired speech with that second prisoner of state, the Hebrew Daniel.

Darius was left in his dungeon; the bolts clanked into place, the footsteps died away. At first he heard only the swash of the current against the oozing bricks and the shouts of bargemen forcing their craft up-river. But the prince did not rage in his fetters, as a month earlier, when first they cast him into this "death-in-life." Laying his ear against the partition, he could hear voices uplifted—Avil-Marduk in angry colloquy with Daniel, who, contrary to Belshazzar's pledge in the proclamation, had not been kept in light captivity, but in heaviest durance. Darius caught no word, but he guessed that the priest was ill-satisfied with his errand when Daniel's door clashed to suddenly, and Avil's voice sounded in the gallery:

"Now, as Bel is lord of Babylon, we will find straiter quarters yet for this stiff-backed pair!" Then there were more steps, and again silence; but presently a soft rattle at Darius's own door, and the prince crept towards it, as far as his chains suffered. Some one spoke at the ample keyhole.

"Listen well, my prince, the other wardens are all around us."

Existence in such a prison had taught Darius to catch every whisper.

"I hear you. You are Zerubabel, the Jew. Where is Isaiah?"

"He is more suspected than I; and even my fidelity as turnkey is half in doubt. Isaiah is looking to the locks on the tunnel. The escape must be to-night or not at all." Feet sounded once more in the gallery. The speaker moved noiselessly away. Again silence and again the voice.

"The chief priest swears that longer parley with you is useless. He urges the king to cast your head into Cyrus's camp. That would bar the last door to peace, and force Babylon to resist to the uttermost."

"And Daniel?"

"Avil would love to slay him with you, but dare not. News of his execution, were it to leak out, would still raise the city in riot. But we hope to save him with you."

"Then I shall wait to-night till when?" The words came eagerly.

"We cannot stir before the third 'double hour'* of the night. All is ready."

Shouts sounded down the gallery; Zerubabel was gone, and Darius sat in his gloom. A little bar of pale golden light crawled snail-like across the wet bricks of the floor, and began to climb the reeking wall. It mounted higher, higher, then began to fade, and for once the Persian's heart commanded "go quickly," though the ray had oft-times been his dear friend. The chief warden entered with eight men, examined his captive's chains. Intact. He and his band with their blinding torches were gone. Once more stillness, and only the monotonous music of the great river fleeting seaward.

The last daylight had long vanished before Darius heard again—how gladly!—something stirring in the gallery without. There were a shout and a challenge when the guards were changing, the trample of heavy sandals, silence again, then Zerubabel's voice close to the door.

"Quiet, my prince, my watch ends at midnight. We must be all haste."

The bolt was withdrawn noiselessly; the door crept open; inside glided a man with a flickering lamp that shed a red, uncertain light, leaving half the cell veiled in its shadows. Darius started, but a warning "hist!" fixed him.

"Where is Isaiah?"

"In the next dungeon releasing Daniel. The sentries have been drugged. Now off with these chains."

Babylonian fetters needed no key; the bronze circles, never locked, were simply hammered together around wrist or ankle. The turnkey set down his lamp, drew forth a stout iron bar. One twist of the lever freed the Persian's good right arm, and like an unchained lion Darius tore his other limbs free, almost with his empty hand. The Persian's heart gave a great bound as he sniffed a clear, sweet puff of night air, while ranging the gallery. A second lamp and two more figures came out of the gloom, but it was no place for stately greetings.

"The noble Prince Darius!" exclaimed Isaiah softly, advancing from the darkness. "Jehovah be praised!"

"And with you is my Lord Daniel?"

"Safe and free, Jehovah willing," answered the older Jew, stepping forward.

"Good, then," replied the Persian. "Lead the way, for I am helpless here."

* Ten p.m.

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"Fear nothing." And Isaiah trod forward into the dark. "Few know the secrets of this city and palace as do I. We must haste to the tunnel."

They advanced in silence, meeting none, challenged by none. The prison was still as a tomb. Isaiah mounted a stairway, and Darius rejoiced yet more when he found himself beneath the glittering canopy of the stars. No moon. Under the starlight he could see the vague white tracery of the great palace to his left; to his right the outlines of the ziggurats beyond the river, trebly tall in the darkness, and before the temples the opalescent twinkle of some wavelet of the mighty Euphrates, where a constellation was mirrored. Isaiah hastened northward. They saw, far off, a form pacing the embankment above the stream. The starlight touched something that glittered —a soldier's helmet. Darius heard the chanted call pealing over the sleeping fortress.

"The Ninib-star* rises. Midnight approaches. Marduk prosper Belshazzar our lord!"

"They change sentries soon. Speed!" urged Isaiah. And he led faster along the deserted quay. Soon before them rose a low, square building, and they halted.

"The entrance to the tunnel beneath the river," whispered Zerubabel. "Now, if at all, let Jehovah show His mercy."

Isaiah, who had kept his lamp pricked down to a bare flicker under his mantle, boldly thrust in the door. They were in a small, bricked guard-room. Directly before them was a second door, small, ponderous, and heavily barred. Near the threshold lay a man in armor, but snoring in the slumbers of the just.

Isaiah and Zerubabel applied themselves to the massive door. Its bolts and bars yielded one by one. They were about to put their strength against it and thrust inward, when the turnkey stepped to one side into a darkened corner. One step, but the mending or ending of four human lives was hanging on the planting of that foot. He trod on something soft, something living. In a twinkling there followed a howl, a yelp, a prodigious barking.

"Fiends of Sheol blast the cur!" swore Zerubabel, his iron bar clattering upon the bricks. "All is lost!"

Darius leaped upon the dog, caught him, strove to throttle; but the mongrel brute writhed from his grip, bounded to the outer door, and lifted up his muzzle howling. Instantly a second dog answered, a third, a fourth, and more, till they seemed encircled by dogs uncounted. Human voices were beginning to swell the din.

"Alarm! To arms! Turn out the guard!" The distant sentries were passing it one to the other.

The four stood and stared in one another's faces. The hopes of the night had been utterly dashed. What was left save death? But Darius, ever the soldier and leader, tossed up his head, and demanded fiercely: "Why gape and gibber here? Down the tunnel! We can cross before they reach the exit by bridge or boat."

"My lord," answered Isaiah sadly, "below this door, on the staircase, is machinery to the sluice, whereby the tunnel can be flooded. We cannot bar this entrance from within. To descend means drowning beneath the river."

The drunken sentinel stirred in his slumber, but did not waken; yet the others heard the nearing shouting. The sleepy soldiers were tumbling from their barracks. The four heard the clangor of the great brass gong at the palace gate. The Lord God knew how soon a "ten" of infantry would be on the fugitives! Darius had possessed himself of the helpless watchman's sword.

"By Ahura Most High!" was his desperate oath, "it is better to mount aloft, with seven foes sped on before me, than to drown beneath the river. They shall not take me unresisting!"

Feet approached rapidly. A new cry was rising, "The state captives, the Persian and Daniel! Escaped! Pursue!"

Isaiah dashed to the door of the tunnel-house and bolted. It would take a few moments to force it. Darius had turned to the others.

"I am a man of war, and know the face of death. If one man were to remain in the narrow entrance to this stairway, he could defend it long. Four must not perish where one suffices." He was stripping the drunkard of helm and shield. "Flee you. I will defend against pursuit."

But Isaiah threw up his hands in dismay.

"Folly, my prince. Your life is worth a thousand such as mine. I am no weakling. Zerubabel shall guide you to safety. Leave the defence to me!"

* Saturn.

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A thunderous beating on the door, and Igas-Ramman, the captain, was clamoring, "Open! Open! As you love your lives!"

Isaiah reached to pluck the sword from Darius's hands. "Haste!" he exhorted, but another hand caught his.

"Folly again." It was Daniel who cried it. "You are all young. Life is sweet. God will give you many days and power to do great deeds. *I* will defend the entrance."

"You?" the others were staring now in truth.

"Open! Open in the king's name!" howled the soldiers without, and Igas commanded fiercely, "Beat in the door! Hew them asunder!"

The stout portal shook on its pivots, battered by spear-butts. It could not last long.

"Away! away!" implored Daniel, and with a marvellous strength that white-haired man had wrung the sword from Darius's hand, and was putting on the helmet. As he stood in the wan lamplight, his form loomed erect, powerful. He seemed to have cast off the weight of twenty years. Woe to the first to meet him!

"Bring a beam!" raged Igas to the soldiers. "Shatter the door!"

"Off!" urged the minister, tears now in his eyes. "Will you cast yourself away, Isaiah, and leave Ruth desolate when I am taken? Will you leave the Lord God's purposes for you undone, my prince, by dying here in vain? I am old. I have done His work. I live or die by His will. I do not fear."

Crash! Before the battering beam the door was splintering.

"We will never leave you!" came from the three young men, but Daniel answered with a gesture of command. It was he who was prince, not Darius.

"Go! I command it!" cried he, almost arrogantly. "Or your own blood and God's wrath are on you."

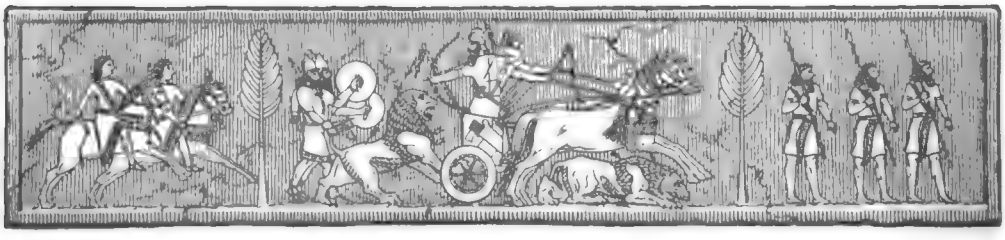
The tone, the majesty of his presence—these made his words as law. Darius's heart cried out in revolt, but he bowed his head and obeyed. They thrust open the inner entrance, and a dank stairway wound down into the darkness. They kept Zerubabel's lamp. Isaiah left his for Daniel. No instant for long partings.

"The One God spare you, my father!" came from Darius's trembling lips, though not for self he trembled.

"And you, my son," and that was all. They saw the civil minister standing sword in hand across the narrow entrance, hoary, but then, if never before, terrible.

A final crash. The beam, swung by twenty arms, beat the outer door inward. It toppled on the bricks. Half a score of torches were tossing together and flickered on bared blades and lance-heads. A great yell of triumph, followed by a howl of surprise. A last vision was branded on Darius's memory. He heard the clash of steel above him, the crash of conflict. Then the stairway turned, cutting off sight and sound, and all about was blackness.

(*To be continued.*)



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A PASSAGE AT ARMS.

By Edward Mumford.

THIS is the true chronicle of the falling-out between the Rosewood Maid and the Knight of the Blue Bag, and of the hostilities that resulted therefrom. The passage at arms was fought in three tilts, of which one was ridden at the astonishing pace of forty miles an hour, while another, strictly speaking, was not ridden at all.

The quarrel may be said to have begun and ended in the Blue Bag. So far as the public was informed this was a Bag of staid and exemplary habits. Its reputation for punctuality was enviable; winter and summer it came, under the arm of its owner, to the platform at Greendale just in time for the eight-forty express, and returned in the evening almost as regularly. But in spite of an eminently sober and industrious appearance it must be confessed that the Blue Bag frequently held golf-balls, or cigars, or a half-dozen of pale ale; and Balzac, it is to be feared, was in it quite as often as Blackstone or Kent. One side of it usually showed a square bulge which sufficiently resembled "Redfield on Negligence," but that quite unprofessional bulge was in truth a camera, and this it was that directly caused the unpleasantness with the Rosewood Maid.

As every one knows, Rosewood is the last stop for the morning express to the city. A path leads from the platform through the trees and up the hill, and it was on this path, one September morning, that the Knight first saw the Maid. He was only one of a hundred men on that side who particularly noticed her, and being no wooer of maids, whom he had hitherto regarded as distracting frivolity, he had no business to thrill with satisfaction when she stepped into his very car. He had the seat nearest the door, and the Blue Bag, which understood perfectly its predestined part, was on the floor. Its long strings lay across the aisle exactly in the way of a dainty foot. One step, a little twitch, and the Bag flew open, scattering its contents.

"So careless of me," exclaimed the Maid, in distress. The Knight hastened to reassure her. "Entirely my fault," he asserted, positively. "Stupid of me to put it there."

He finished gathering his belongings, and was surprised to find the Maid still hesitating. "I'm sorry," she murmured, demurely, meeting the question in his eyes, "but I think—my shoe —" and she looked down. The Blue Bag certainly knew its business. "Ah, I see," said the Knight, "allow me"; and, stooping, he deftly disengaged the string that had wound itself about her Oxford tie. As he rose she glanced at his rumpled papers. "I hope I have done no damage," she said. "None whatever," he told her. But at that moment he had his first good look at her face, and he wasn't so sure, himself.

In time even the Blue Bag had its doubts. After that the Knight (his noble name, by the way, was John) invariably laid down his paper on approaching Rosewood, and scanned the throng there eagerly for some one with a leather music roll and blue eyes. The third day the eyes met his for a critical moment, and he was sure they recognized him. The fifth day there could be no doubt of it. He was staring unconscionably, but she did not look displeased. Indeed, when she dropped her handkerchief on the city platform, and John, who happened to be immediately behind her, restored it, her "Oh, thank you!" was in quite the tone one uses to an old acquaintance. Several times that morning the young person to whom he was dictating a quitclaim deed feared something was wrong with her back hair—John was gazing at her so solemnly. But he was only wondering how the deuce blue eyes could be so different.

And then, with things going on so smoothly, the Blue Bag (it may have been jealousy) took a hand again. When out of sight of the Rosewood Maid John had wasted much precious time trying to recall exactly how she looked. One morning a better plan occurred to him. The thing was easy, fatally easy. Whatever misgivings came to him he put aside until a more convenient season. What harm could it do her! Besides, she need never know. So when the train pulled into Rosewood the camera was arranged with artful carelessness at the window, its wicked little eye all but covered by the Bag. Another girl was with her, and the Maid had tilted up her chin in a merry laugh. She was not over ten feet away when John pressed the button.

Just then she saw him. He hastily, but too late, slid the Bag out of sight. Her merriment yielded to a look of indignant surprise, and she turned quickly, leaving him to wonder whether his rash act had not been a challenge that any maid of spirit would be quick to

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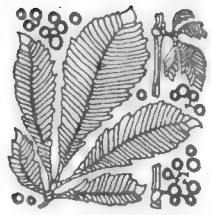


resent. He was not left long in doubt, for almost immediately she entered the car. John would have faced it out boldly enough; but as she passed she met him with an expression that simply said, "So you are *that* sort of a man"—and he retreated hastily to his paper. It was final. There was just a little scornful curling of a red lip, and no berating could have told him more plainly that she despised him utterly. In those few seconds the lists were set; the Maid had accepted the challenge, had offered battle, and won the first tilt.

John admitted complete defeat. True, he had the picture; but if he was to be ashamed to see it, there was small consolation in that. The thought that he could not look anything or anybody freely in the face galled John. The outcome of the matter was quite characteristic of him; he resolved that he wouldn't be ashamed, and, moreover, he determined that the Rosewood Maid should know it. And the picture was a consolation, after all. It was simply delicious. While the Maid laughed frankly at him from that little carbon print he could almost believe that she was not angry at all, even though she passed him daily with a mien that classified him with the dust under her feet. At the same time he was not in the habit of allowing himself to be regarded as dust under people's feet, and this made another tilt between them inevitable.

It came during the second week. In truth, the Maid herself brought it about, though unwittingly. The train was full that day; there was only one place in sight, and the Maid had scarcely settled herself in one end of the seat when, behind the newspaper at the other, she recognized the Blue Bag and the Knight; but retreat was now out of the question.

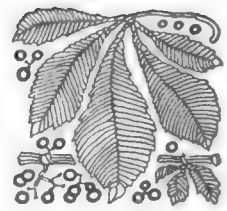
It is not certain just what John thought when he saw her; a meeting like this was not included in his tactics. But it was part of his plan that she should not forget him, so on the whole he was pleased with the encounter, not knowing what was coming. The conductor was coming, for one thing, and the Maid had her ticket ready. John, still sheltered behind the stock quotations, was oblivious, until the conductor's sharp "Ticket, please!" stirred him. He dove into his coat and jerked the ticket hastily from the pocket-book. But along with it he pulled out another card, which turned over neatly as it fell; and there, on the lap of the Rosewood Maid, lay her own jolly and unmistakable portrait!

It is in such crises that blood tells. She might have started, or exclaimed loudly, or have done any one of a hundred "perfectly natural" things to call general attention to that card. The Rosewood Maid did nothing of the sort; she simply and quietly put her hand over it. As for John, he said nothing at first; the suddenness of the thing took away his breath. But he was too old a fighter not to know the advantage of immediately putting the other side on the defensive.

"I beg pardon," he observed, after a few minutes, "but when I took out my ticket I think I dropped something from my pocket-book."

The Maid turned a cool look over him before replying. "Do you think so?" she inquired, with admirable unconcern.

"I am sure of it," quoth John. "It fell in your lap." The Maid looked down, and up again. "I don't see it," she declared, which was probably true. Her air of dismissing the subject, however, was quite wasted on John. "Excuse me again," he pursued, "but if you would be good enough to lift your hand." The Rosewood Maid seemed not to have heard, so he turned a little more squarely toward her as he went on. "You see, the thing I dropped was something I prize very highly—something quite valuable, in fact." She looked at him now, and her eyes were ablaze. John confessed that he had never done them justice. "Are you quite sure, sir," she asked, "that this—this thing you dropped—was really yours?"



"Why, yes," returned John, imperturbably. "I made it myself."

This was too much for the Maid's self-control. "Let us drop this pretence," she said. "You had the impertinence to photograph me the other day—a liberty which, of course, I was powerless to prevent, and which no gentleman would have taken. Now I have, most fortunately, obtained possession of the picture, and—I shall keep it." Whereupon she put it into a book she was carrying, and closed the covers with a snap. John sat silent, and somewhat abashed. A handsome woman with an opinion of her own is an awkward opponent. If the Maid had been wise she would have left the lists just there, with flying colors; but she could not resist a parting thrust at the prostrate enemy, and that was her undoing.

"I shall be careful hereafter," she said, "to keep out of your reach. It is unpleasant to think of one's picture in—in such places."

It was the contemptuous little lift of the chin which aroused John. He had surrendered, but he did not propose to lie down and be walked upon. "Well," he said, deliberately, "I had no intention of keeping it myself."

"Indeed?"

"Why, no; you see, a friend of mine sells tooth-powder," John continued, maliciously. "In the picture, you remember, your teeth are well displayed; and, pardon me, you have very nice teeth. It would go well in the magazines, you know, with 'Use Dentaline, and smile like me' underneath. It might make quite a hit, don't you think?"

She gave him a glance of horror and apprehension. "Oh, you *wouldn't*," she cried. "Besides," and her face cleared, "I have the picture."

"And I," John reminded her, "have the negative."

At this the Maid was agitated again, and it suited John to let her remain so for perhaps half a minute before offering a truce. Then, "See here," he said, "I didn't mean it, of course. But you were a little—well, severe, you know. I'm sorry I took the picture. I am, really. If you will accept my apologies—"

"I—I mustn't," the Maid responded, nervously; she was suddenly conscious that she did not know even this man's name. "We have talked too much already."

"Exactly," John chimed in, quickly. "Not having been presented, you mean. I have imposed upon your kindness; and under such circumstances any defence of mine must fail of consideration. But, I would like to ask—if we should be formally introduced—?"

"Oh, no," gasped the Maid, "I couldn't think of it."

"But if it should just—happen?" urged John. They

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were then rolling into the terminus. He smiled at her confidently, and any woman who had seen John smile might know she could trust him.

"You would not seek it—not even try to find my name?" she faltered.

"No; not even your name. Well?"

"Oh, I—I guess not," she said, hastily. "It would be too embarrassing."

"Very well, then, it won't happen." And John bowed gravely. But he did not appear at all downcast as he followed her through the exit gate. He had clearly won the second bout, and honors were even.

During the month that followed, John left well enough alone, and rode always in the smoking-car. But there came at last an October morning sky just bright enough to tempt one not to carry an umbrella. The Rosewood Maid left hers at home, and regretted it. When John saw her she was standing in the door of the Union Depot, looking anxiously up and down the street. She started and blushed when he spoke.

"I have an umbrella," he said; "if you would accept half of it—"

The Maid drew back. "Oh, no, I mustn't take you out of your way; you are very kind."

"Your building, the Studio, is next door to mine. It would be a pleasure." She looked at the sky, and at John, and wavered. "It looks like a steady rain," she said. "The carriages all seem to be taken."

"And the cars run the other way," observed John.

"Yes; I am afraid I will be very late for my singing lesson."

"Permit me," said John, "to put your book and your music in my bag; they will be in your way." And, wondering why she didn't mind it, the Maid found herself under the umbrella. For half a block they walked on in an expectant silence. Then with one impulse they looked at each other and laughed.

"This is terribly unconventional," said the Maid at length. "Yes," assented John, "so it is; most embarrassing," and they laughed again. "But of course an introduction would be more so," remarked John. "Well," returned the Maid, "perhaps not, if it—just *happened*."

"Then," said John, with emphasis, "it shall happen very soon. My sister, Mrs. Thornton, of Rosewood—"

The Maid stood still and stared at him. "You don't mean that you are Sallie Thornton's brother? Why, she is one of my best—"

"Precisely," said John. "So I have understood."

"And how long," asked the Maid, with the feminine inflection which implies that men are a mystery, "how long have you known this?"

"Oh, perhaps a month, Miss Burleigh."

"And when did you discover my name, sir?"

"About the same time. But I didn't discover it; you showed it to me yourself—on your commutation ticket." The Maid paused at the door of the Studio Building. "Well, I never," she said.

"As for that," returned John, "I may say I very *seldom*, myself"; and the looks that went with them made both sentences complete. John's eyes lingered, and still lingered when hers had modestly turned aside. In this new joy of regarding her, unchecked and face to face, he was almost forgetting that rain is wet and that people will talk. "Suppose you give me my things now," she had to remind him at last.

He slowly drew out the roll of music and handed it to her. Then he fumbled for her book among those in the bag, and finally brought it out by one cover, its pages rustling in the wind. "How awkward of me," he exclaimed. "I hope I haven't injured it. Here, you see, is one more apology I owe you. I'm afraid to think how many I may have to add to the account unless you let me settle it soon."

"Your sister gives a tea to-morrow afternoon."

The Maid was not looking at him now; the words were apparently addressed to the Blue Bag; but John eagerly appropriated them. "The very thing," he cried. "I will be there at five o'clock, and by five minutes later I think it will have—happened." He watched her as she passed into the dim hall, and up the stairway; at the landing she nodded to him gayly. When he had walked nearly a block against the wind he remembered that his office was in the building next door to the Studio.

The bad weather, with some trifling golf gossip, served until they found themselves alone on the hearth in Mrs. Thornton's music-room. After all, John offered no apologies. Instead, he opened his pocket-book. "I want to show you," he began, "what I found in my bag last night," and he took out the little carbon print, the picture of the smiling Rosewood Maid.

"Oh," she cried, prettily embarrassed, "it fell out of my book. Give it to me."

"No," said John, "you once took a photograph of mine, in such a way that I was powerless to prevent it. Fortunately it has come back to me, and I propose to keep it. So, you have been carrying it about with you all this time. I wonder if you were as fond of it as—as I am."

Her only answer was to stretch out her hand for the picture. He would have withheld it, but the print slipped from his fingers, and fluttered into the fire. Before he could rescue it the flames had caught and curled and blackened it.

"Oh, dear," cried the Maid, "I'm *so* sorry. I'm afraid it's ruined."

"Too bad," said John, smiling at her. "But—I still have the negative."

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HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNTRAINED WOMEN WHO WISH TO MAKE A LIVING OR ADD TO THEIR INCOME.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE proposes to print all the *practical* suggestions possible for women who wish to make money. The "business woman" has innumerable avenues open to her nowadays, but thousands of untrained workers, often with domestic cares, are utterly unable to find a market for their services unless shown how to go about it. Many practical *ideas* have been received in competition for a prize which has been awarded. An announcement of a further prize for the *carrying out* of the accepted suggestions will be found on page four of the advertisements.

The editors will be glad to hear from any one contemplating a trial of the suggestions published in this department.

The attention of home-workers is called to an important article on page 423, the second of three by Miss White, giving full instruction in the art of Basket Making.

SUGGESTIONS ADOPTED.

THE "women of practical ability" whom we are trying to reach through this department are decidedly in the minority, so far, when compared with their many sisters who have submitted "Ideas." We believe, however, that the hesitation is due to deliberation over ways and means and the work best suited to each case. Several have already signified their intention to adopt plans outlined in these columns. We hope that the number will rapidly increase, and that every suggestion will prove fruitful in some quarter.

We are glad to answer any questions relating to these published suggestions and to extend all help possible through added suggestion to those contemplating a trial of some of the ideas here published.

In order to keep a complete record of those who are competing for the prize of fifty dollars offered for the most successfully carried out plan, we ask that those who contemplate a trial of any of the suggestions write to us at once. If one suggestion should be tried with equal success by two women, she who first registers her intention with the editor will receive the first consideration in awarding the prize.

We hope to publish in this department a full description of each successfully launched venture.

NEWSPAPER COLLECTIONS.

MY husband is a newspaper man, and, on account of poor health, he bought a small country newspaper in Idaho. He often said, "If I could only collect the back subscriptions due me, we would not only be able to live in comfort, but enjoy some of the luxuries of life. There were 1,400 good, hard-earned dollars on that list; for he and all previous owners of the paper were afraid to "tackle" collections for fear of losing names, as that would hurt the advertising patronage. I thought a great deal about the matter, and at last decided I would see what I could do.

I started out in the work by writing a few letters to those owing large sums. The form of the letter was something like this:

"MR. JOHN SMITH,

"*Dear Sir:* The *Times* has been going to you for the past ten years; every week you have read its pages, learning of the news of your county. Every week the publisher has expended time, labor, and money on the paper, that you might know what is going on. The publisher must live, and he must pay for value received. In the next year he intends making the *Times* a better paper than ever, and he offers you a reduction, etc."

I always signed my own name.

This method proved very valuable, and I collected nearly all of the outstanding indebtedness. If ever I am stranded and need work, I shall certainly go into the country newspaper collection business. Nearly every country newspaper in the United States has a long, unpaid subscription list that the owner feels he cannot collect without great loss both to himself and to his paper; and any bright, tactful young woman who is armed with letters proving her integrity will find that collecting back subscriptions furnishes remunerative employment. Above everything else, she should see that she does not lose a name from the list.

Many papers have from $800 to $2,000 due them, and any publisher would gladly give twenty-five per cent., or even more, for collection of these outstanding debts.

As to the details: First, try letters, as a number will respond in that way; but the most obstinate cases must be visited in person. Second, when I have a very hard customer I decide my plan of campaign according to circumstances, when I speak to the debtor.

In nine cases out of ten the woman collector will come off victorious.

It is pleasant work, if looked at in a philosophical manner, and I am sure the field is not crowded.

FLORENCE MARK.

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DEMONSTRATORS.

EACH town and city, large or small, in the United States, requires the services of young women to introduce new foods or inventions to the public. They are called demonstrators, and are in demand because: It has been established that no better way exists to bring the goods to the direct notice of the prospective buyers; and because new goods are constantly made and new inventions require introduction.

A demonstrator needs no special training. Any self-reliant, painstaking woman can succeed. Full instructions and all materials are supplied by the inventor or the originator, who also bears all expenses. Thus a practical, agreeable avenue of support is opened.

In a Chicago department store, the writer recently saw a row of booths attractively draped in white and green, in each of which a demonstrator attired in snowy white was busily engaged in displaying the beauties or utility of her exhibit. These varied greatly. There were shown the invaluable Christy knives; a new roasting-pan; a device for toasting bread on a gas or gasoline stove; gelatine and the graceful forms for moulding same; cocoa served in tiny cups, as also tea; ice-cream made "while you wait"; coffee from up-to-date coffee-pots; cereal foods served with cream in dainty saucers; salads, artistically garnished, served individually, introducing the salad-dressing; vegetable slicers which cut potatoes, carrots, etc., into fancy shapes; meat-grinders, to fill a long-felt want; and the latest idea in cake-tins; everything practical, useful and labor-saving, or desirable as food. Other stores have demonstrators showing new ways in which to apply the fashionable braid for trimming dresses, new styles of health-corsets, devices for joining shirt-waists and skirts, and still others who explain to purchasers how to embroider fine centre cloths and doilies. Every section of our big country can be reached, and any bright woman can do this work, with substantial returns, either in her own town or neighboring ones. All pure food shows, and various other expositions, require demonstrators, and there are hundreds of exhibits from which to choose. A farmer's wife might make it known to new firms that she will "demonstrate" in her locality, and thus make pin-money; for other farmers's wives would be interested always to see the latest invention, or to sample the latest foods.

MRS. WM. H. MARTIN.

A DENTIST'S SOLICITOR.

I HAVE a friend who, although wholly untrained, proved herself capable of immediate self-support when the necessity arose. She did not secure a large income, but she at once commanded a salary of six hundred a year "and carfare."

Thrown upon her own resources, and yet lacking familiarity with any special line of work, it occurred to her that if a neighboring dentist would consent to employ her as a work solicitor, the results would justify the experiment.

The results did. Beginning with a few acquaintances who needed dental work, and were not firmly bound to any particular dentist, through their suggestion of other names, and additional names gained through these, she has built up a regular business to which she devotes her spare time. After demonstrating her ability, a definite salary was agreed upon, and both dentist and solicitor have been more than satisfied with the arrangement. Her income is assured; her "hours" are short, regulated by her own convenience; and her work is far from unpleasant.

In many cases, where ladies are timid, and tempted to postpone the care of their teeth, the solicitor offers to accompany them to the dentist's office. In other cases, where financial reasons prohibit prompt action, approximate prices are quoted—in the case of her employer they are moderate—and people of limited means are reassured. Appointments are booked and general information given. All publicity and street-corner advertising is most scrupulously avoided, and the comfort and privacy of a regular practitioner's office is assured.

In a word, my friend seems to have blazed a comparatively clear path for herself, and to have found a permanent, remunerative, and rather agreeable vocation. It has proved that it possesses the merit of yielding *immediate* support to an untrained woman.

FLORENCE M. TREMONT.

A NOVEL SHOPPING PLAN.

THERE is a woman in New York whom we will call Mrs. X., who successfully operates a peculiar business. She is nominally a "purchasing agent," buying from many of the department stores for resident and out-of-town customers. Her accounts at the stores are large, and her name is well known.

One very remunerative branch of her business is a system of "charging" which she originated. It is planned to help the woman who has not accounts at the different stores, but who at times wishes to order goods without paying at the moment. A business man is apt to refuse to have a dozen accounts at different stores for his wife to use as fancy dictates, and the majority of men prefer to audit the family accounts. This plan evolved by Mrs. X. allows the wife, if she presents suitable credentials and references to Mrs. X., to order goods at any of the numerous stores where Mrs. X. has an account, have them delivered at her home, but charged to Mrs. X. Mrs. X. renders bills to her customers once a month, the bills often including charges from half a dozen houses, thus necessitating the checking of only one bill and the drawing of only one check by the father of the family. If the bill is not paid promptly within thirty days it is subject to a "delinquency charge" of a certain percentage.

Mrs. X. is, of course, allowed an agent's discount on all orders charged to her, which is where her greatest profit comes in; but another profit is also in the delinquency charge, which is very often enforced.

NANCY SCOTT.

SEWING-CLASS FOR GIRLS.

ONE with only ordinary knowledge of needlework may find profitable employment in teaching classes the rudiments of sewing. Too many mothers, nowadays, with their ever-increasing household, club, religious, and social duties, find little or no time to instruct their girls in this line of work. Charitable classes are numerous, but in the well-to-do families the girls are often more ignorant than their poorer sisters.

The little hands need training from the first, often even in the use of thimble and scissors. Begin on coarse material, using colored thread. Mark with dots points

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within an inch space to put stitches, and by careful grading increase number of stitches to the inch till they can be run in a pretty even line without aid of dots. Assign home work to be brought to the next meeting. *Require individual work.* Next take up sewing two pieces together—seaming; then "over and over," gathering, ruffling, facing, hemming, binding, felling, tucking, pleating, patching, darning, sewing on buttons, hooks and eyes, and graduate them, if you like, by teaching plain and fancy hemstitching, catstitching; and, lastly, the use of the sewing machine.

Each class should contain not more than six or eight pupils and last an hour at the longest. Grade classes according to ability. Prices for the term must be determined by surroundings, but $4 for twenty lessons ought not be too much; probably the full course would require two terms with children from five to nine years. Keep samples of work from each lesson, and date of same. Employ strict marking system, and allow work to be taken home only at stated intervals. Insist on neatness, good position while sewing, and that light come from back or side. *Make haste slowly.* Give little aid. Encourage the pupil to be thorough in her work, and by coming in such close contact with the child you will be able to instill habits of perseverance without which there is no success.

This work will not require absence from the home, and with several classes would bring in rich returns.

MRS. C. F. SPENCER.

THE CARE OF LAWNS.

THE care of small lawns and suburban grounds seems to offer a very lucrative and healthful occupation. The use of a good light lawn-mower is not any more arduous than driving a golf ball, and sets the blood atingle. A woman should be especially deft in the use of clippers, in giving vines and borders the needful scrutiny, and in keeping the artistic propensities of landscape art in happy balance. I speak from personal experience when I say that this plan has been successfully tried.

EDITH GIFFORD.

FLIES MADE TO ORDER.

"IF you want to make money and a lot of it, why don't you try your hand at making fishing-flies?" asked a gallant sportsman the other day, in response to an inquiry as to how a woman might best gather in the elusive dollar.

"But I don't know how," I objected. "And where would a body sell them after they were made?"

"I don't know much about the business," said the sportsman, "but I can tell you what one woman did—a Mrs. Holden, who used to live in a village up the State, where a lot of us fellows go bass fishing. She had been left a widow with nothing but her home, and of course she had to do something for a living. Finally she hit upon the idea of supplying us, the transient fishermen who came up from the city, with flies. She didn't know anything about flies herself, but she knew that her husband had been in the habit of making his own. So she overhauled some of his old fishing-tackle, found the various flies used, noted from what kind of materials they were made, discovered the secret of their construction, and then proceeded to copy them. She didn't have very good luck at first; but she persevered until she could make a fly that equalled, if not surpassed, her models. There was a ready sale for her products among us fishermen, as she gave us better flies than we were in the habit of getting, and at a lower price. She was not long satisfied with the sales made at home, but obtained a contract with a city sporting-goods firm, which took all of the flies she could manufacture. She put in about one-fourth of her time at this work, and the last I heard of her she was selling between three and four hundred dollars' worth in a year."

"Please get me some flies for models, and I will commence work to-morrow," said I.

"Which is a very sensible thing to do; and I will answer for them that a goodly number of the disciples of Walton will be liberal and speedy patrons. Besides, there are many more firms desiring flies than 'our widow' can supply."

SARAH RODNEY.

A PARADISE INN.

ONE of the commonest resources for untrained women who are called upon to assume the burden of self-support is that of "keeping boarders" or "renting rooms."

In this most ordinary of occupations lies a new field which offers itself to some clever woman.

How many mothers of families seeking a relief from housekeeping cares have looked in vain for pleasant boarding accommodations, to be met at nearly every door with the chilling, "No, we don't take children here?" The boarding-houses and hotels are few where children are *welcome*, and a child's life, even where children are tolerated, is far from being a happy one.

These facts are especially brought home to us in vacation time. Not every mother is fortunate enough to go to a hotel, and, relegating baby and nurse to the children's quarters and second table, enjoy her vacation in peace.

Here is the opportunity for some motherly woman who has felt this need herself to earn a comfortable living and offer a boon to the tired mothers of families who seek a few weeks' rest and change at some summer resort.

Let us imagine a real children's hotel—"Paradise Inn." The rooms are comfortable in size, light and airy. In each sleeping-room, besides the regular bed, is a child's crib; in some rooms, two cribs. The bath-rooms, of which there are several, are provided with plenty of small bath-tubs, that baby may have her regular bath in comfort.

The dining-room and kitchen are also arranged with a view to the children's wants. There are high-chairs in the dining-room, and well-behaved babies and children are allowed at the table. There is an abundance of simple food for the little ones, and plenty of rich, sweet milk. Patent baby-foods can be obtained at a moment's notice, and prepared in the kitchen.

A large play-room and yard are provided, with nurses in charge; and for a trifling amount the babies may be left there in comfort and happiness while "mamma" takes an hour or two of needed rest. Baby-carriages may be rented for a small sum. Other conveniences will suggest themselves.

The charges should be as moderate as possible, for this hotel is not intended to appeal to people of large means, but to families with moderate incomes.

The field is certainly new. Will you be the one to enter it?

SOPHIA A. M. WADE.

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THE MODERN BASKET MAKER

By Mary White.

Part II.

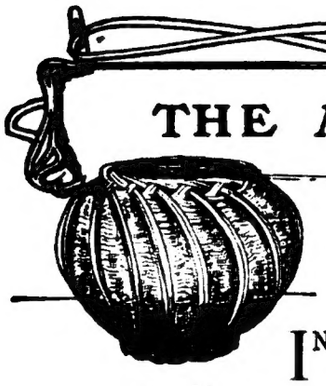

FIG. 15.

IN order to accustom herself to the handling of extra spokes needed for larger baskets the basket maker weaves a mat which forms the top of a

Doll's Tea Table.

Materials: Six 22-inch spokes of No. 3 rattan; one 12-inch spoke of No. 3 rattan; one weaver of No. 2 rattan; a small piece of fine wire; raffia; a knitting-needle.

Two groups of spokes, one of three and the other of three and a half, are crossed in the centre and woven into a mat, which, when it is three and a half inches in diameter, is bound off. Each spoke is brought across the next one and pressed down beside the next as in Open Border No. 2, except that the long end is not cut off, but brought out between the fourth and fifth rows of weaving on the under side of the mat. The border is drawn closely in. The long ends of the spokes (which are to form the legs of the table) are brought together and bound with a piece of fine wire, just under the centre. They are then separated into three groups of four each. The odd spoke is either cut off or whittled very thin and bound in with one of the three groups. A strand of raffia, either double or single, is now started at the top of one of the groups and wound tightly around until it has covered the desired length. At the end a half hitch, or one button-hole stitch, is made to keep the raffia from slipping and it is wound up again to the top. After the other legs have been covered in this way, the raffia is brought in and out between them where they separate. It is then tied and the ends cut close. Finally the spokes at the end of each leg are cut to a uniform length, and slanting, so that the table will stand firmly.

Small Basket with Twisted Handle.

Materials: Basket—Six 16-inch spokes of No. 4 rattan; one 9-inch spoke of No. 4 rattan; two weavers of No. 2 rattan. Handle—one 12-inch spoke of No. 4 rattan; one weaver of No. 2 rattan; a knitting-needle.

Six spokes and a half are started and woven into a centre. When it is two inches in diameter the spokes are wet and bent upward and woven with flaring sides. Two weavers are used, and then the basket is bound off.

Border—In the first row each spoke is brought back of the spoke to the right of it and out. In the second row each spoke is brought back of the next one to the right and out, making a roll on the edge of the basket. The ends, which are outside, are cut slanting, just long enough for each to rest on the spoke ahead.

Handle (see Fig. 12)—The knitting-needle is run down beside a spoke and then drawn out, leaving room to insert an end of the 12-inch spoke, which should be pressed down at least an inch below the top of the basket. The other end of the spoke is inserted in the same way beside a spoke exactly opposite. This makes the foundation handle. The end of a pliable weaver is now inserted under the third row from the top of the basket, to the left of the foundation handle, and run up between the weaving. This weaver is twisted around the handle with twists about an inch and a half apart. At the opposite side of the basket it is pushed in, under the third row of weaving from the top, on one side of the handle and brought out again on the other side of the handle three rows from the top, making a loop inside. The weaver is then laid close beside the first twist, and follows it across to the opposite side, where it goes in under the third row on the left of the handle and comes out on the right. Each row of twisting must follow close beside the last, and six rows should cover the spoke. The weaver is fastened off by bringing it inside the basket, then out across a spoke and inside again where it is cut short.

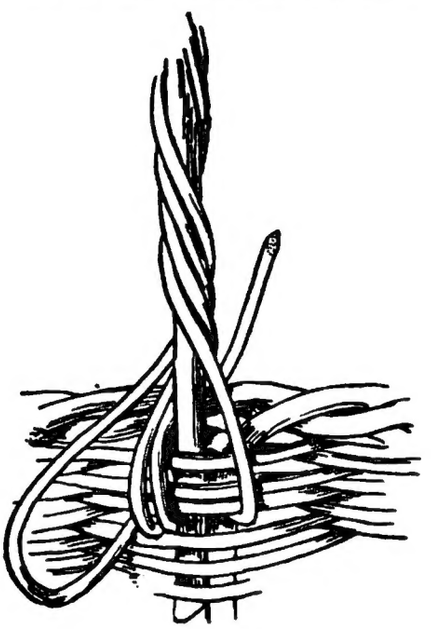

FIG. 12.

Covered Work Basket.

Materials: Basket—Sixteen 34-inch pieces of No. 3 rattan; thirty-two 18-inch pieces of No. 3 rattan; about twelve weavers of No. 3 rattan; two weavers of No. 4 rattan; two weavers of No. 3 green rattan. Cover and Fastenings—Sixteen 24-inch pieces of No. 3 rattan; thirty-two 11-inch pieces of No. 3 rattan; about nine weavers of No. 3 rattan; two weavers of No. 3 green rattan.

The 34-inch pieces of No. 3 rattan are arranged in groups of four, the first group vertically, the second crossing it horizontally, the third diagonally from right to left, and the fourth diagonally from left to right (see Fig. 12). A single weaver is started by laying the end over the group to the left of the vertical group: it is brought under the vertical group, over the next, under the next, and so on, until it comes around to the vertical group again. It is brought around four times in this way (see Fig. 13). The groups are now separated into twos, and the weaver is brought

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over the left-hand pair of the upper vertical group, under the pair on the right, and so on until it comes around again.

When four rows have been made the weaver passes under two groups. From now on this must be done at the beginning of every new row, to make the weave come right. When the bottom of the basket is six inches in diameter extra spokes are inserted, one on either side of a group, making four in each group. These are separated into pairs. When the bottom is eight inches in diameter flaring sides are woven for about an inch and a quarter. A row of triple twist in No. 4 is followed by three rows of double weaving in green rattan, drawn in slightly. Another row of No. 4 in triple twist, and an inch and a quarter of under-and-over weaving drawn closely in complete the sides.

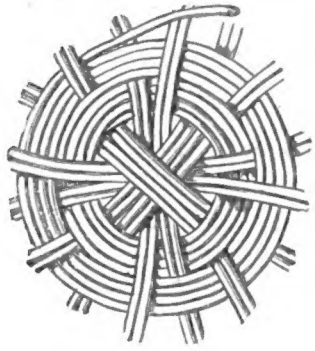

FIG. 13.

Border—First row: Each pair of spokes is brought back of the pair on the right and out. Second row: Each pair of ends is brought under the next pair, over the next and down, where they are cut when the border is finished. The cover is started and woven like the bottom of the basket. Extra spokes are inserted, and when it is seven inches in diameter four rows of double weaving in green, followed by half an inch of under-and-over weaving in the natural color, finish it. Each spoke is brought under the next spoke on the right, over the next, under the next, over the next and in.

Hinge and Fastening—Having chosen the best place for the hinge on basket and cover, an end of a piece of No. 3 rattan about a foot long, which has been wet until pliable, is inserted at the right of a spoke and under the last row of weaving on the basket. It is woven under and over two or three spokes to fasten it securely. The long end is crossed diagonally over the border of the cover and pressed in between the last two rows of weaving at the left of a spoke. It is brought down inside and out at the left of the spoke on the basket and across to the right of the spoke in the cover, where it is pressed inside and down to the place where it started on the basket. Here it is woven under and over several spokes till it is firmly attached. The front fastening is formed of two rings, also made of No. 3 rattan (see Fig. 14). The ring on the cover should be smaller than the one on the basket so that it may slip through it. In attaching the one on the cover, the ends are pushed inside the basket between the border and the last row of weaving, and woven under and over two or three spokes until the ring is secure. The ring on the basket is fastened in the same way, between the seventh and eighth rows of weaving from the top.

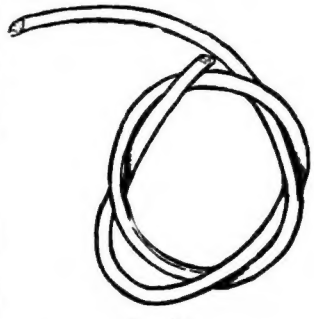

FIG. 14.

Candy Basket of Rattan with a Band of Color.

Materials: Ten 20-inch spokes of No. 4 rattan; one 11-inch spoke of No. 4 rattan; five weavers of No. 2 rattan; two weavers of No. 2 colored rattan.

Two groups of spokes, one of five and the other of five and a half, are crossed in the centre and bound around three times with No. 2 rattan which is woven in under-and-over weaving into a flat bottom about six and a quarter inches in diameter. The spokes are wet thoroughly and turned up, rounding them gradually. After about a quarter of an inch has been woven up the sides, two colored weavers are woven into four rows of double weaving, which are drawn in slightly toward the top; three rows of under-and-over weaving in No. 2 rattan are also slightly drawn in, and then the top is bound off and finished with this border. Each spoke is brought in front of the next one on the right, back of the next, in front of the next and in. They are cut slanting, just long enough to allow each to lie across the spoke in front of it.

Scrap Basket of Rattan in Green and the Natural Color.

Materials: Sixteen 66-inch pieces of No. 4 rattan; thirty-two 30-inch pieces of No. 4 rattan; about forty-five weavers of No. 4 rattan; a knitting-needle.

An effective scrap basket, as shown in the initial Fig. 15, on page 423, is made as follows: Sixteen spokes are arranged as in Fig. 13. A centre eight inches in diameter is made. Here extra spokes are inserted, one on each side of every group. The groups are separated into twos and the basket shaped as nearly round as possible.

At the widest point, the circumference should be thirty-eight inches; from there it is gradually drawn in until the diameter of the top is about ten and a half inches.

At this point the basket is stained a pale green, with wood stain, just to the edge of the weaving, leaving the long spokes in the natural color. Two weavers are also stained. When the stain is dry the the spokes are wet until pliable.

Each group of spokes is brought over the next two groups on the right, back of the third group and outside. Next, each group is brought down to the bottom of the basket on the outside, about where the extra spokes were inserted, and in front of the next spoke to the one it last went behind, where it is drawn through two rows of weaving to hold it in place. These outside groups should be left quite loose.

The basket is next turned upside down and two rows of under-and-over weaving in green rattan make part of a base; the end of each group is then brought under the next end to the right, over the next and pressed down inside, completing the base.

(*To be continued.*)

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